

THE
H David, Duke of Rothsay
D U K E

O F

R O T H S A Y,

A
T R A G E D Y.

Acts 520.

By James MacArthur's Drama 28.

A Worthy Master in Edin.—

*Having gone mad & died, his Tragedy some years after
fell into the hands of Wood the Bookseller who published it.*

EDINBURGH:

Printed for J. WOOD, Bookfeller, Luckenbooths.

Sold by C. ELLIOT; and by A. DONALDSON,
at his Shops in London and Edinburgh.

MDCCLXXX.

THE
DUKE
OF
ATHOL

Entered in Stationers Hall.



EDINBURGH:
Printed for J. WOOD, Bookbinder, Lockhart,
Sold by G. Elliot; and by A. D. Morrison,
at his Shop in London and Edinburgh.
MCCCLXX.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN HOPE,

EARL OF HOPETON,

AND

LORD HOPE,

This TRAGEDY

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS LORDSHIPS MOST OBEDIENT

AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN WOOD.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

KING.

Duke of ALBANY, } Brother to the King, and Governor of Scotland.

Duke of ROTHSAÏ, } Sons to the King.
Prince JAMES,

Sir JOHN RAMORGNÏ, Tutor to Rothsay,
Lord SINCLAIR, Guardian to Prince James.

LIVINGSTON, Attendant on the King.

BORTHWICK, } Officers under Albany.
FORESTER,

CRICHTON,

OLD MAN.



EUPHAMIA, secretly married to Rothsay.

DOROTHEA, } Daughter to Borthwick, in love with Crichton.

ISABELLA, Euphamia's woman.

ANNA, Jailor's wife, formerly attendant on Euphamia.

ANNA's Sister.

Officers, Guards, Messengers, Jailor, Servants.

Scene, FAULKLAND.

THE
D U K E
O F
R O T H S A Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Platform before the Palace.*

Enter BORTHWICK and LIVINGSTON.

BOR. **G**OOD morrow, Livingston, so soon abroad ;
You early start before the rising sun.

LIV. My constant duty to my sov'reign liege
Requires my due attendance at this hour.

BOR. Methinks the toil of yesterday's long journey,
His coming late last night unto this place,
Wou'd bid tir'd nature longer in repose
Indulge the balmy hour.

LIV. You say aright :
But trust me, Borthwick, 'tis his custom ever,
Though hoar with age, and in his frame infirm,
To rise as early as the village hind ;
To prize the wakeful moiety of life
Beyond th' indulgence of inglorious sleep ;
And, by the mean of a sufficiency,
To nurse the feeble tenor of his age.

A

Yet,

Yet, strangely alter'd, I observ'd him late
 Abating much his wonted vigilance :
 His goodly countenance, that wont to shine
 Like the sun journeying to the western sky,
 Is now immask'd in dewy clouds of sorrow ;
 His sage-tongu'd narrative is silent grown ;
 Deep sighs, and interrupted sobs, his utt'rance.

BOR. Grief is a failure incident to age,
 And age, they say, returns to boyish years :
 As boys, for what is ravish'd from them, cry ;
 So age, with recollective mind, bewails
 The youthful days they can no more regain.

LIV. My charity bids otherwise believe,
 And not to censure thus his tenderness ;
 If credence can rely on just conjecture,
 The cause too well I know.

BOR. The cause oh say !
 Your just surmise already gains my credit.

LIV. Then, as a father, he has cause to grieve
 His second hope, young James, of twice sev'n years,
 Who was at Alb'ny's instance sent to France
 To learn her politesse and martial arts.

BOR. What then ? I hope he's safe arriv'd.

LIV. Ah yes
 Arriv'd ! not on the destin'd shore, as I
 May learn.

BOR. Where then ?

LIV. From circumstance you'll hear.
 Three days ago a messenger in haste
 Came with a letter to our royal sov'reign,
 Then at his palace in beloved Bute.
 He op'd the seal, he read, and instant pal'd ;

Then,

Then, in the anguish of his grief, he tore
 Th' ingrateful tidings, and retir'd alone.
 Mean time my prying curiosity
 In haste the mangled letter gather'd, whence,
 By just compofure of the scatter'd fragments,
 To this import I read:—"Along the coast
 "Of Norfolk failing, we were chas'd, and taken;
 "Lord Sinclair's pris'ner with me in the tow'r."
 No more I read, nor more I fought to read.

BOR. Too much you read, too much for me to hear;
 I heart'ly sorrow for the good old king:
 I hear the reason for his coming here
 Is to put Rothfay under the direction
 Of Albany his brother, who desir'd
 To have the prince in charge.

LIV. That is the cause
 And motive of his coming hither now,
 My duty to him, Borthwick, calls me hence, [Exit.

Manet BOR.

BOR. A faithful servant, sure, he has in thee,
 Who giv'st him thy affectionate attendance:
 But I, though trusty, never lov'd the duke;
 His high supremacy o'erawes too much.
 Behold, he comes this way; I'll not be seen. [Exit.

Enter ALBANY solus.

ALB. If omen-reading augurs can confide
 In future issues in the womb of time,
 Then, thro' the aspect of this hopeful morn,
 May I foresee my righteous wish fulfill'd.
 Should I, who prop the fabrick of the state,
 Inglorious live beneath the impotence
 Of a dull valetudinary brother?

A 2

Should

Should my prime office claim no higher honour
 Than a contemptuous secondary title?
 'Tis true his right of primogeniture
 Gave him the start before me in my claim;
 While I the princely virtues which he lacks
 Possess'd, and now these virtues must employ
 To spoil the honours they wou'd better grace—
 But hold—t' attempt the royalty without
 Suspicion's spial, and imputing censure,
 Is what requires my wisest plan—A thought,
 Tho' not distinctively, now rises here—
 Lab'ring thro' mists of ambiguity,
 Like infant-nature struggling out of Chaos.—
 Thus far is ponder'd well—The king my brother,
 And Rothsay the young prince, are with me now.—
 If him, who is his father's only prop,
 I can supplant without surmise censorious,
 Of consequence the crazy fabrick falls,
 And I a goodlier structure rear upon
 The ruins. Lancaster confines Prince James;
 My unsign'd letter to him that procur'd.
 I'll now go pay my visit to the King;
 A cred'lous tender-hearted fool he is,
 And will be whining for his captive son:
 I'll too put on the temporary mask
 Of feigned sorrow, and appear sincere. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter RAMORGNY solus.

RA. What! shall this day behold my black disgrace?
 Shall

Shall that despiser of Sir John Ramorgny,
That bar to his preferment, that proud Duke
Of Albany, still keep him back dishonour'd?
This day he takes the prince my pupil under
His direction: he will claim the honour
Of all th' instructions that I taught his youth,
In ancient lore, and policies of state;
And I must tamely yield like servile drudge,
And not oppose his high despotic will.
He has in this self-views, I know. He loves
Not Rothsay, nor his welfare seeks.
This to the prince I will disclose, and urge
Him to take 'forehand vengeance on his uncle.
If he demurs, I shall not live dishonour'd. [Exit.

SCENE III. A State-room.

Discovers the KING, ROTHsay, and LIVINGSTONE.

KING. Come hither, Rothsay: let me now embrace
thee,

Thou sole upholder of my feeble age;
Thou dear-lov'd image of thy royal mother,
Who, rest her shade! was all my earthly joy.

Ro. My royal father, thus when her you mention,
You wake the smother'd anguish in my heart.

Enter RAMORGNY.

KING. Oh! tender was she, Rothsay, of thy child-
hood,

And tender was she of my absent son. [Weeps.

In case I pass'd my days of royalty,
When her wise counsel join'd in all I will'd.

Th' unhappy

Th' unhappy stroke my tender youth receiv'd
 Upon this thigh, attempting to subdue
 A vicious steed, has render'd me e'er since
 Unfit to bear the heavier toils of state;
 And next, your royal mother's death inclin'd
 My will to substitute wise Albany
 In the high power and sov'reign rule of Scotland;
 Myself reserving but the name of king.

ROTH. True, he is shrewd, and politic in ruling,
 And gains the estimation of the people,
 Who in him place their firmest confidence.
 Your act was wise, and such as kings before
 Have precedent'd; witness England, France.

KING. Alas! to France thy uncle sent my son;
 Sent thy young brother; who, on England's coast,
 With noble Sinclair, was a captive made. *[Weeps.]*

ROTH. I hope his Grace of Lancaster will pity
 My brother's fortune, and your sorrowing age.

KING. I trust the great humanity of England.
 Nature hath stamp'd her merciful and brave;
 Prone to forgive, when sad misfortune sues.

ROTH. Then soon I hope to hear your son's enlargement.

KING. That on the answer from his Grace depends.
 I writ him to commiserate my hap;
 Beseeching him to view the lot of man,
 Though born a king is not exempt from wo;
 Enforcing too the gratitude he ow'd
 To Scotland's treatment of his exil'd father.

ROTH. Sure, if the smallest sense of that kind virtue
 Now dwells within his breast, he will acknowledge.

KING. On that rely my hopes.—Meantime I wait
 Thy

Thy uncle's presence: 'tis his great request
To have you, Rothsay, under his inspection,
To tutor you in civil polity.
With his request I lately have comply'd;
And now I mean to pass some time at Faulkland,
To wait the regrefs of your lib'rate brother.

(*To him RAMORGNY.*)

RA. If I, my sov'reign liege, may be permitted
To speak one sentiment, I should not choose
Your royal ear to listen at this juncture,
Did not here my injuries impel me.

KING. Say, good Ramorgny, who hath injur'd you?
Your wrongs we shall redress; inform us who.

RA. From such high surety, I will freely speak.
In prime, your Majesty should have consider'd,
Pardon my boldness, ere you gave consent
To Albany anent the Duke of Rothsay;
That I, who with laborious exercise
In schooling led his early youth through science,
Would ill endure another's scanty lore
To claim the honour of my long-spent toil.

KING. We must confess, Ramorgny, the acquittal
Of your important trust is to be prais'd;
And wou'd not, therefore, have you misconceive,
It was through any failure in your knowledge,
That we comply'd with Albany's request:
No; trust us, no; we have a higher value
And just estimation of your merit,
Than from it to impair the smallest jot.

RA. I'm highly sensible, my sov'reign liege,
Your good opinion ever stood me fair.

KING.

KING. Your high desert still cherish'd my good thoughts:

But know, Ramorgny, there are precedents
In active government to be observ'd,
Which theoretic lecture near attains;
And therefore have we will'd him these to learn.

RA. Once more I beg your Majesty's permission
To speak in brief the words of unmask'd truth.

KING. Let brevity restrict your shorter speech.

RA. It shall, my liege. First, be it known, my care
It ever was, in teaching of the prince,
To mingle his instructions with example.
His presence now can verify my words.

ROTH. 'Tis true, Ramorgny.

RA. With unwearied pains,
I taught him all the subtle arts of rhet'rick,
And made him knowing in the civil law;
Shewing him how the modern constitutions
Obtain their sanction from the great Justinian.
Without or vanity, or braggard shew,
I dare affirm, if Albany were present,
And broach'd an argument, he should confute him.
My liege, you may remember, when you sent
Young Rothsay, Albany, and me, your envoys
To Redenburn, to meet the Duke of Guienne,
Your English adversary, who came there
To ratify the truce of Lelinghen,
That Rothsay, who disputed with his grace,
An abler casuist than the Duke his uncle,
Outspoke his rhet'ric, and enforc'd the breach,
From their great charter, and the forest-laws,
In their encroachment on our frontier bounds.

KING.

KING. We remember, — and have heard from Albany
Yourself too there display'd the orator.

RA. I did my best to serve my country's weal,
But Albany has play'd unfair by me:
His partial liking to that Forester,
Who's now empower'd the substitute of Faulkland,
Has set my worth at nought, still unprefer'd;
And now he seeks to rob me of the means
I have t' acquit me to your Majesty.

KING. Be patient, good Sir John. Our brother
means
By this procedure no dishonour to you.
Your service shall not unrewarded pass.
His presence here we soon expect. —

RA. — Then here
I will not stay to look the man I hate. [Exit.

ROTH. He's gone; and, as he went, frown'd in
his face
Indignity, and hate, and dire revenge.
My long affection to my youth's instructor
Constrains me now to hear his secret wrongs. [Exit.

KING. What strange inquietudes disturb the mind
Of man! How is it rack'd with anxious cares,
And fretting discontent! This grieves the loss
Of what was once possess'd; that envious pines
At others happier fortune; while a third,
With airy hopes on high ambition mounts,
That soars above its prey, a fourth, despondent,
Floats down the river of Adversity
A melancholy wreck of perish'd fortune.

B

Enter

10 THE DUKE OF ROTHSAÏ.

Enter ALBANY.

ALB. Good morrow to your Majesty. Did sleep Administer his balm? I hope last night You rested well.

KING. Not with the calmer mind I wont ere while to lean me on his down; For still the image of my captive son Broke through the veil of slumber, and awak'd My tortur'd fancy to bewail his absence.

ALB. I knew he wou'd be harping on that key. [*Aside.* To see your Majesty thus wo-begone, Is double grievance to my wounded heart; First, for your son, his unforeseen event; And, next, the affliction of a tender parent: But Heav'n, all-righteous, who, with piteous eye, Looks down on human woes, will thine regard, And blefs you yet with your returning son.

KING. In Heav'n I put my trust once more to see My comely boy, ere death shall close mine eyes. I feel frail nature tending to the place Where lie in peace alike the king and pilgrim; Where grief and sorrow feel no longer pain.

ALB. Wou'd Heav'n you now were there! [*Aside.* Your Majesty, Though in the vale of years advanc'd, shou'd bear, With heav'n-taught patience, whate'er ills befall; Knowing, that earthly suff'rance tends to heighten Your joy and meritorious compt in Heav'n.

KING. Still patient have I borne my many losses, Nor e'er repin'd at Heav'n's disposing will. Resign'd I am to bear with equal mind Whate'er betides.

ALB.

ALB. That is a Christian virtue,
A pattern worthy praise. — Your mind, I hope,
Is full determin'd relative to Rothsay.

KING. You know your will determines my resolve.

ALB. There is no hind'rance then.

KING. None very great.

Yet one there is averse, who plains of wrongs.

ALB. From whom?

KING. From you.

ALB. I can conceive of none

That ever I gave cause to plain of wrongs.

I pray, my liege, resolve me who he is,

That I may give him speedy reparation.

KING. You know Ramorgny.

ALB. Who? Sir John Ramorgny!

KING. The same.

ALB. That man, I'm sure, I never wrong'd.

KING. His mind thinks otherwise.

ALB. His mind I'd know.

KING. Then, first, he thinks himself dishonour'd
much,

In taking Rothsay from his guardian care;

And, next, he says, you hold his worth at nought.

I know he is indeed too conscious of it.

ALB. I marvel much his matchless arrogance.

Why should I marvel you, Sir John Ramorgny!

Whose knavish character sits in thy front,

A pointing index to a villanous soul?

Why should I tell what him I know to be?

Sudden he is, untoward, reckless, fierce,

Tenacious, subtle, pliant, shrewd, persifive;

A rogue possess'd of ev'ry wicked principle

And quality perverse. — I know him throughly.

KING. Albeit th' acquittance of his tutorship
Deserves our special notice.

ALB. That I own :

But there are proper seasons when to shew
Our notice ; not to grant immediate favours.
Is in the giver double gratitude,
When they're reserv'd in memory, and shewn
At times unlook'd for.

KING. But a prompt requital
Leaves no desire to importune its meed.

ALB. Of him another time. Your Majesty,
Meanwhile, will please with me retire in private,
And we shall further talk pertaining Rothsay.

KING. We do agree.

ALB. Your Majesty I follow. *[Exit King.]*

S C E N E IV.

Enter RAMORGNY and ROTHSAÏ.

Ro. Now by the love I bear thee thou shalt tell.

RA. My injuries are more than I can suffer,
And therefore more than can be told.

Ro. By Heav'n you shall not bear them unredress'd ;
my pow'r

Immediate shall your grievances relieve.

RA. Thy power is limited within thy will,
And therefore can afford no instant cure.

Ro. Your malady, I hope, is not so raging,
But may allow the kind physician's cure.

RA. 'Tis fatal, and requires a remedy

Thou

Thou can'st not give.

Ro. Then what I can I will.

Ra. Thou know'st not my disease.

Ro. Nor yet yourself

Perhaps.

Ra. Nay, don't thus harrow up my wrongs:

'Twere senseless not to know what now I feel.

Ro. Pray let me share it.

Ra. Would'st thou then be faithful?

Ro. As a faint.

Ra. Your hand.

Ro. My heart.

Ra. One just act,

Then, lies within thy pow'r, will right thyself

And me.

Ro. Thyself!

Ra. Thyself. What makes thee wonder?

You don't my meaning yet conceive.

Ro. I don't.

Ra. What! is not Forester to me prefer'd?

Me, who in camp and council ever prov'd

Superior to that upstart man.— My years

Of faithful service, thus receive at last

Dishonour. — Oh! I could, ev'n for thy sake —

I'd have thee be aware — If e'er the hind,

From low'ring skies, foreknew the coming storm,

I can discern the cloud of destiny

Hang o'er thy swift approaching fate: you may

Prevent, — may dissipate this cloud. — You know,

T'evite the serpent's sting, is first to crush

His head.

Ro. You much appal me, Pray resolve

What

What you wou'd have me undertake.

RA. And art

Thou ignorant of what I mean ?

Ro. I am.

RA. I feel my passion swelling much too high
For your delib'rate temper now to hear.

I will no more at present. I retire

To gain the even tenor of my mind.

Ere noon we here shall meet, and will confer

With calmer mind.—— To right thyself remember.

[Exit.

Manet ROTHSAÏ.

Ro. To right thyself remember ! Injuries

I have receiv'd from none. Still in the mist,

He bids me hit a mark I cannot see.

I know him to be rash, precipitant,

To let his hasty passion get the mast'ry

Of calmer reason. — Here we meet again ;

I'll hear his more delib'rate thoughts, and act

Concordant to their equitable tenor.

My nature now hath suffer'd these three days

By reason of my aged father's loss :

My mournful state life's aliment disrelish'd,

And since, jejune, I've only fed on grief.

In this myself too long I have indulg'd,

That Nature's call ev'n pleads against me now ;

But soon I hope to see the genial hour,

When love and jollity shall smile around.

The soft idea of my dear Euphamia

Now rises in my thoughts, and drives away

All other less concerns. Not distant far,

Adjoining to the Ochill hills, she lives.

This

This day I go——

Enter a Servant with a letter.

SER. A letter to your Highness.

Ro. Ha! this is from my dear Euphamia. Who Brought this?

SER. A servant of Sir John the Grame.

Ro. "My love, (Reads.)

"Be not surpris'd to find me here: your instant
"presence to my eager wishes, will be informed
"of my reasons. EUPHAMIA."

With utmost haste unto the servant speed,
And bid him shew you where his Lady waits:
Her, when you've found, shew to the cypress grove,
And say my presence shall be there.

SER. I go. [Exit.

Ro. O Heav'n! how am I blest beyond my hopes;
What floods of transport deluge all my soul!
O Love, how quick'ning is thy power! But late
Damp Melancholy chill'd my frame, and fed
My sorrow with her dewy nourishment;
But now I feel the live Promethean spark
Kindling me all a sensitive of love.

O woman, fountain of the social virtues!
Thou heav'nly abstract sent to bless this world!
How can man's voice, sufficient to your value,
Sound forth your excellence? In thee we find
More than a kingdom, more than many crowns,
More than a thousand worlds; affection pure,
Sincerity of ever-constant love,
And social union's mutual joy. Hence swift
Upon the wings of love I'll seek my fair,
My angel bright,—Euphamia my bliss.

[Exit.

SCENE.

SCENE V. *The Cypress Grove.**Enter EUPHAMIA, ISABELLA, and SERVANT.*

SER. This is the place the Prince desir'd your presence :

He comes by yon lime-alley, and will be Immediate here.

EU. This for thy faithful conduct.

[Gives money. Exit Servant.]

O Isabella, how my heart o'erflows
With joy and gladness, that I now do find
My late-sprung fears deceiv'd : my Lord is well,
And free from harm ; may Heav'n still keep him so !

IS. Your fears were just, and such as the fond heart
Of woman's tenderness is subject to,
When absence parts her from her loving lord.

EU. 'Twas not his absence, but what late I dream'd.

IS. Your dream was strange.

EU. It was ; and will amaze my Rothsay's ear.
Joy to my hopes, lo here he comes.—Retire. *[Ex. Is.]*

Enter ROTHSAÿ.

RO. Euphamia ! my love, my dear, my wife !
May heav'n, propitious to thy wishful arms,
Restore me ever thus, with whelming love
And transport blest. My dear Euphamia !
How many years in absence have I spent
Within four little weeks ! each lonely minute
To the fond lover seems a tedious year.

EU. So oft I've thought since last you parted from me,
By day my anxious fears, by night my dreams,

Still

Still kept me on the rack of doubtful hope.
 One while, forgive th' uncharitable thought,
 A doubt of your firm constancy arose,
 And thus I reason'd with myself alone :
 Why you, th' apparent heir of Scotland's crown,
 Shou'd condescend below your royalty,
 To wed the daughter of Sir John the Grame,
 A subject knight ; and, next, our hasty marriage,
 Which none was conscious of, save Isabella,
 And he who join'd our hands, my father's priest,
 Who since has paid the final debt of nature.

Ro. I sorrow for the good old man's departure.
 But why did you suspect my constancy ?
 Was there on earth one more than you I lov'd ?
 Is there on earth one more my love can claim ?
 Yet I your tender diffidence forgive,
 With this exceptance, You shou'd not have thought
 So meanly of me that I would retract.
 No ! Heav'n be witness, were there none to vouch
 Our secret nuptials, if I'd prove less true.

Eu. O pardon this first breach in my fond heart.
 Let thy love breathe salutary comfort ;
 If so I thought, I shall think so no more.

Ro. I do forgive my love.— Why not the daughter
 Of Sir John Grame should be my royal bride ?
 Nature hath giv'n thee more than I can add ;
 She at thy natal hour stamp'd thee a Queen
 Of grace and beauty, far beyond that dame
 Fair Athenais, whose attractive charms
 Obtain'd her monarch's love. In thee the blood
 Of gallant Grame will justify my choice :
 The stream diverted to a regal channel,

C

Flows

Flows there no purer than its native source.

EU. Pray tell me, Rothsay, was you not before,
Unto Earl Douglass' daughter —

Ro. What?

EU. Engag'd?

Ro. Indeed, my dear, I was, and you shall hear.
By proxy first, unto Earl Douglass' daughter
I was betroth'd; and her I must have wed,
Had not the Earls Dunbar and Lindsay vied,
Preferring each his daughter's juster claim:
To shun the hateful cause of family-feuds,
I begg'd the royal council to desist;
Disclaim'd my right to great Earl Douglass' daughter,
Leaving these flowers for thee, my fairer flower.
True, they were fair, and all of noble blood;
But thou, my love, art fairer than them all.

EU. Too soon, I fear, we've join'd. The irksome
dream

I had last night foretels some evil hap.

Ro. Do not, my love, rely on empty dreams:
Dreams are but mimicry of what we think
Awake, illusions merely of the brain;
The apish sports of fancy in her cell,
False oracles which still deceive the world.

EU. But, O forgive a woman's fond belief!
Whate'er she dreams, as certain she believes:
Dreams oft forebode of future good or ill,
And oft ill-boding dreams foretel too true.

Ro. Say then, my love, what was your painful
dream?

EU. 'Twas strange, and will amaze your ear. —
Methought

We

We walk'd along the margin of a river
 That fullen flow'd between his oozy banks
 Profound and muddy. One there walk'd along,
 Who seem'd to be the Duke of Albany.
 As on the giddy brink you stopt, to look
 Into the stream, methought he came behind,
 And push'd you headlong in the whelming flood.
 But, oh! the dread and anguish which I felt,
 'Twas worse than death. Impell'd by strong desire
 To save your life, I fled amain below
 To where the bank was level with the stream.
 The current bore you down: sometimes you sunk,
 Sometimes appear'd: at last, with feeble strokes,
 You sought the side whereon I stood; but seem'd
 Unable this to gain: impatient grown
 With pity and despair, into the flood,
 To save your drowning life, I plung'd. But, oh!
 May never such a dream again affright:
 I found me sinking in the depth; I shriek'd
 Aloud with thrilling terror, and awak'd,
 The noise of waters murm'ring in my ears.

Ro. I own, the dream is terrible and strange:
 But we are safe, my love, and are not drown'd;
 Nor shall we neither, but in whelming floods
 Of love. — This day I'm to be giv'n in charge
 To Albany my uncle, who is vers'd
 In policies of state. I after come
 With you to dine at Rosemount.

Eu. I'll expect
 Your speedy presence at the noontide hour.
 My father still is absent in the north,
 And now I haste away.

20 THE DUKE OF ROTHSAÏ.

Ro. Then ere we part — [Embrace.
 Oh how my soul is rivetted in thee !
 So close, it tears my tendernefs to funder.
 Ev. Now let me go.
 Ro. Then this, my love, once more. [Embrace.
 Ev. No more.
 Ro. This laft, and then — [Embrace.
 Ev. Adieu.
 Ro. Farewel, [Exeunt feparately.

A C T II,

S C E N E I.

ALBANY *folus*.

ALB. Thus far embark'd upon a perilous ocean,
 I've steer'd my courfe aright ; but yet my voyage
 Is long and hazardous, and will require
 No unskill'd mariner. What whelming gulphs,
 What dark eclipse, and lofs of pilot-ftars,
 Muft I encounter, ere the deftin'd port
 I gain ! A fteady helm, and fkilful guidance,
 Will fafely land me there : none elfe I trust
 Along in this advent'rous expedition ;
 I fail alone to Honour's tempting ifle,
 If adverfe fate fhould whelm me in its gulph,
 What will the chronicle recorder fay ?
 In queft of a new world he glorious perifh'd. —
 All yet has prosper'd to my expectation ;
 The whining faint, my brother, has comply'd,
 And

And Rothsay soon will be intrusted to me:
 It now remains to scheme his sudden fate.
 Here let me think—no—hold—O glorious thought!
 I hold a council at Saint Johnston soon;
 I there take Rothsay with me too: a felon,
 Who lies here doom'd in irons, on whom I will,
 With proffer'd life and high reward, prevail,
 Shall watch our coming back within that wood
 Which skirts the road, to stab th'unguarded prince.
 If this shall fail, I'll cast some surer way:
 Meanwhile I stop all access to the King;
 And this fair conduct shall appear to all
 As if I fought his close tranquillity.
 Ho! Who's there?—Forester?

Enter FORESTER.

FOR. Your Highness calls.

ALB. I do. I have immediate bus'ness for you.
 This day I give you strict command, to post,
 At either gate, a double guard, and let
 No person enter at your utmost peril:
 His Majesty I wou'd not have disturb'd
 So long as he is in this mournful state.
 The eastern gate, now mark me, I assign
 To Borthwick's watch; the western to your care.
 Dispatch, and instantly fulfil my orders.

FOR. They're done. [Exit.

ALB. Thus all goes regular to my wish.
 A good beginning, says the Sophic sage,
 Unerringly procures a prosp'rous end.
 Sure Heav'n at first design'd me for a king,
 Though perverse Nature lock'd me in the womb,
 And brought into the world a puling changeling:

And

And oft my mother said so; for I was
 Her only darling, tho' but second son,
 And she the only woman ever was
 I cou'd abide: the sex to me is wormwood;
 A bane, that poisons ev'ry manly virtue.
 Of what I am by younger birth depriv'd,
 My daring virtues will for me acquire. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter KING, ROTHSAÏ, ALBANY, and LIVING-
 STONE.

KING. Here, brother Albany, accept thy charge;
 And for the love I bear you and my boy,
 I pray take utmost pains to shew him all
 Thy knowledge can instruct; for he is now
 The sole remaining comfort of my age.
 My younger hope is gone; and therefore, brother,
 If me you love, be tender to my Rothsay.

ALB. I hope your Majesty shall have no cause
 To plain of my austerity, nor be
 Of doctrine to his deep capacity.

KING. Then take him; and may Heav'n attend
 you both.

Manent ALB. and ROTH.

ALB. I'll now make trial how his humour runs. [Aside.
 Come tell me, Rothsay, since we parted last,
 If e'er you long'd to see this place again?

Ro. I often did the more on your account.

ALB. I ever lov'd you, Rothsay; and still more
 Thou art endearing for thy prudent conduct,

In

In declining proffer'd matrimony.
'Tis weak in princes in their youth to wed.
If right I think, King Solomon so thought,
As did his wanton father : none they married
Ere first they prov'd their concubines; and then,
She who delighted most their youthful passions
Was in their feeble dotage made a queen;
Their spurious issue, too, legitimate.
Some say my father follow'd their example.
Dull marriage, Rothsay. — Concubines are better.

Ro. If this your maxim in state policy,
I'll bear no more on't. You surprise me, uncle:
I never heard you on such strain before,
Never to speak loose thoughts in looser words;
And let me say, they're highly unbecoming.

ALB. So this I wave; I find he's apt to kindle. [*Aside.*
Believe me, Rothsay, I was but in jest:
A vein of humour touch'd my merry spleen;
Which when it does, you know I'm somewhat free.

Ro. Immodest words no humour can excuse.

ALB. No more on't, Rothsay; mark my serious
words:

I hold a council at Saint Johnston soon;
You go along: meantime solace yourself
With what your heart desires; I nothing stint.

Ro. This sounds much better than your former
speech.

I'll willingly go with you; but to-day
You'll grant me leave to take a forenoon's ride:
I'm somewhat indispos'd; I'll be the better.

ALB. I'd think the great fatigue of yesterday
Wou'd bid you take some respite for a while.

Ro.

Ro. I'm never better than the time I ride;
The weather is serene; permit to-day.

ALB. Well, you may go. I grant you liberty;
But, hark you, Rothsai, as your father's quiet
You tender, bring no strangers with you home.
I wou'd not have his Majesty disturb'd.

Ro. I will remember.

ALB. At your peril do. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter RAMORGNY solus.

RA. 'Tis now about the time we here again
Shou'd meet. I'm now determin'd to disclose
My hidden mind. The viper in my breast,
That long has nestl'd there, is now grown fierce,
Big swol'n with venom rank and mortal sting.
Proud Albany, beware; beware, proud man;
Thou proud contemner of Sir John Ramorgny.
Thou Heav'n above! who gav'st me this great spirit,
Who sav'st this miscreant base demean my worth,
O grant he may not now escape my vengeance!
'Tis done; the hand of Fate invifible
Hangs o'er him now.—While thus he lives in power,
I live dishonour'd; and, than live dishonour'd,
'Twere better not to live. It recks me not
The way I climb to honour, so I can
Attain her. Albany, I have perceiv'd,
Bears but a specious outside of false love
To Rothsai and the King. This to the Prince
I will disclose, and aggravate the tale

With

With what my shrewd discerning has discover'd.
 If he demurs to right our mutual wrongs,
 Here, here's an arm, shall act the daring deed.

Enter ROTHSAY.

Ro. Well, good Ramorgny, are you now resolv'd
 To tell me all, with calmer mind, what late
 Your passion hid.

RA. I am; and, mark me, Rothsay,
 Alone not for myself I'm now concern'd,
 But for your dearer life and preservation.
 Beware, a serpent now lurks in the grass,
 Ready to sting you in the vital part.

Ro. Ha! what is this you say? a chilling horror
 Thrills through my frame, foreboding some disaster.

RA. Take courage, be a man, and right thyself:
 Now is the time to crush that serpent's head,
 While yet he lies secure and dreads no harm;
 Dispatch beforehand, else he flies upon you.

Ro. You still the more surprise me. Let me know
 Whom thus I ought to dread?

RA. Him well you know.

Ro. I dread no harm from any known.

RA. Thou'lt cause.

Ro. O pray no longer hold me in suspense.

RA. You promise then to do it?

Ro. What?

RA. This; this. [*Draws out a dagger, and gives*

Ro. Ha! *the hint to kill Albany.*

RA. You fear.

Ro. I do.

RA. I'm silent then. [*Puts up the dagger.*

Ro. I don't —

D

RA.

RA. And can I trust you further?

Ro. Try once more.

RA. Proud Albany, you know.

Ro. Ha! kill my uncle!

RA. You must, else thou'rt in utmost jeopardy.
This night you must attempt it, while the dew
Of sleep falls on his unsuspecting sense:
Grasp fair occasion by the hairy front.

I say no more; see to't. — He loves you not. —

Ro. This is a black suggestion of thy own;
I'll hear no more. — My uncle! — damn'd Ramorgny,

RA. Ha! am I thus at last deceiv'd?

Ro. Begone! —

RA. You will not then —

Ro. Out of my sight! — Away! [*Ex. Smites him.*]

Manet RAMORGNY.

RA. Young man, this was not well from thy rash
hand.

Ungracious youth! this dearly shalt thou rue.
Unworthily thou smot'st me on the cheek.
Curse on my weakness; must this tear declare
I am no more a man? — Beshrew the thought!
Hell, hell, arise; and, with thy fellest art,
Inspire my vengeful breast; thy keenest rage
Impel me. — By my torture thus I have it. —
To thee now, Albany, I haste thy friend;
From thee I look for grace and future honour,
For quick redress to all my wrongous sufferance,
Thou long hast been the object of my hate;
Thou shalt be so no more. — Now thus 'tis fix'd.
Hell, thy alternative I now become. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter ALBANY and FORESTER.

ALB. Say, Forester, are all the guards dispos'd?

FOR. I've done your Highness' orders: either gate
Is full secure; three hundred men at each.

ALB. Let silence sit on all their lips; nor let
Nor wanting jest nor sportive laugh be heard.
And, mark me further, if perchance is seen
About the palace any strolling person,
Such apprehend and bring before me straight.
This I enjoin; go, see't perform'd.

FOR. 'Tis done.

[Exit For.]

ALB. That spy I have; but him I keep for usance,
As sportsmen dogs to point the unseen covey.

Enter RAMORGNY.

RA. O princely Albany! by all the love
I bear sincere your life and preservation,
This night beware.

ALB. Ha! this astounds me much;
Your looks and words bespeak fatality.

RA. This night! this night beware thy nephew
Rothfay!

He waits the murd'rer's hour, to come unseen,
And kill your precious life. He tamper'd with me
A while by sly insinuating hints,
But found me inattentive to his words:
At last he spoke his mind more plain, and proffer'd
Rewards and dignities, if I'd consent
To perpetrate th' accursed deed. My soul
The act abhorr'd. I urg'd his black impiety.

D 2

Meanwhile

Meanwhile the disappointed youth wox high
In burning rage, and smote me on the cheek,
Calling me coward ; hence, I'll do't myself.

ALB. This was ungracious in the hasty youth.
I thank thee, good Ramorgny, for thy kindness.
Believe henceforth thou shalt be dear unto me ;
First in my love, and next in honour'd station. —
But now I must be watchful of myself. —
Ha ! this rash youth attempts my worthier life.
What way, Ramorgny, can I this prevent ?
The way I know not ; pray inform.

RA. Requite
A favour ere it is receiv'd ; and then
Your duty is 'forehand discharg'd : do that.

ALB. By the rood 'tis shrewdly thought, Ramorgny.
I love thee better, and will love thee more.
But say, whom can I trust to quit this favour ?

RA. Me and my injuries.

ALB. Give me thy hand,
And with it give me thy unalter'd heart. (*Takes his hand.*
Now swear you'll do't.

RA. By Heav'n and Hell, 'tis done. —
Behold, this point shall reach his inmost soul ; [*Shews*
Shall sluice a passage to the ruddy life. (*the dagger.*
I go to search him out. — Hell point the way. [*Exit.*

Manet ALBANY.

ALB. There blaz'd the raging flame of deep re-
venge.
He kills young Rothsay : what must then be done ?
Impeachment of the fact, and condemnation ;
Then instant execution. This his meed.

SCENE

SCENE V. *A Library.*

ROTHSAY, and a SERVANT.

Ro. Give instant orders to my groom to have
My horses ready; I'm to ride to-day.

SER. I go.

[*Exit.*

Ro. Meantime I think I'll read a little.
The man resolv'd to tread in Wisdom's path,
Will, discompos'd, pursue his steady purpose;
Amid the tumults of contrarious passions,
Find some short interval t'indulge in study.

[*Takes up Boethius on the consolation of philosophy.*

Ah poor Boethius! poor unhappy man!
Doom'd by a lawless tyrant's will in chains,
Thus forc'd to pour thy melancholy plaint
To deaf unconscious walls; yet art thou happy
Within thyself, to find this consolation,
To bear alike upright in either fortune,
And thus condemn the tyrant's impotence.
I pity and applaud you.

[*Reads, walking backward and forward.*

Enter RAMORGNY, with a dagger in one hand, and a
mask in the other.

RA. Time is fit. —

So, at thy book, young man! Say now thy pray'rs,
And sanctify thy spirit while there's time.
Oh! not thy spirit I desire to kill.
Unreconcil'd to Heav'n, my heart wou'd bleed
To see thee gasping in the arms of death,
With piteous looks imploring Heav'n's last mercy.

Ro.

Ro. Be calm, my soul; what makes thee thus dis-
quieted? *[To himself.]*

Ra. My heart now fails me, and my hand misgives;
Yet if I fail to act, I live dishonour'd.

Wou'd now I were a death-ey'd basilisk,
Or had the rank pernicious breath of dragon,
To blast thee at a distance. — These I lack;
But this I have. — Thou smor'st me on the cheek!
Oh let me hide the shame! — This for the deed.

*[Puts on the mask, and attempts the blow. — Roth-
say turns all of a sudden, and puts himself in a po-
sture of defence.]*

Ro. Blest Heav'n defend me! What hell-demon art
thou!

Ra. Curse on't, my hand misgave. I am discover'd.
[Exit.]

*[As he is running away, he drops the mask and dagger.
Rothsay pursues him out.]*

Ro. Stop, villain, stop. — He's gone; — he has e-
scap'd.

Who this — Ramorgny sure. O hell-born villain!

[Lifts the mask and dagger.]

What! this the mask of foul assassination?

Ha! thy intent, thou minister of fate!

Say, cam'st thou here on death-determin'd purpose?

If so, what made thee 'bate thy black attempt?

Was't quick remorse, or unavailing fear,

Unnerv'd thy master's grasp? No matter which,

He will'd a crime; and such to wish fulfill'd,

Tho' not perform'd, is sinful as the deed.

These now the villain's crime shall testify,

And Albany shall judge my righteous cause: *[Exit.]*

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter ALBANY and RAMORGNY.

ALB. What's this you say? your hand misgave?

RA. It did.

ALB. We're then betray'd.

RA. Believe, I cou'd not help it.

ALB. Tut, damn it, man, what made you then attempt?

We are undone!

RA. One way there's yet remains,
That will not fail. But I am now in terror:
He follows here.

ALB. Say, quick; out with it then;
And let th' expedient be applied immediate.

RA. Him, these three days, I have observ'd abstain
From taking any food; short time confin'd
Would put a period to his famish'd life.

ALB. Well thought, Ramorgny!—Damn the villain's shrewdness. *[Aside.*

Now let me think.—Well, thus—'Tis fix'd—'tis done.—

To Rothsay's plaint I'll give no gentle hearing;
I'll chaff his fiery spirit till it rage.

I once cou'd ward a thrust, and give one too:

If long disuse has not impair'd my skill,

I think this arm can push and parry yet;

But I had rather ward.—If chance I fail,

Conceal yourself behind, and interpose,

When Rothsay you behold his sword unsheaths.

I make th' alarm; I have him seiz'd; and next

His

His father comes ; I gloze the son's impiety,
And urge his quick arrest. — Your place. — Be sure.

RA. I stand prepar'd. [*Exit with a sword drawn.*]

Manet ALBANY.

ALB. If Rothsay fails to give
The parting blow, the villain's due reward,
This does his turn, and Rothsay stands accus'd.

[*Points to his sword.*]

Soft, here he comes ; be stout, my harden'd heart.

Enter ROTHSAÏ, *with the mask and dagger.*

Ro. O royal uncle ! lo, here's villainy !
With this Ramorgny bade me stab thy life ;

[*Shews the dagger.*]

With this at mine he aim'd, because I wou'd not.

ALB. The villain ! — I cou'd almost love this youth.
Ha ! I'm unsafe ; — I know not whom to trust. —
I'll trust the rogue before this hated Rothsay.

I'll rouse his phrenzy by my disbelief. [*Aside.*]

This I believe not ; for Sir John I know
To be an honest fellow. Such a thought
Wou'd never harbour in that worthy man.

Ro. Who think him such, are worthless as himself.

ALB. HA ! forward boy, don't rouse the lion in me,
Else I will quick correct thy heedless folly.

Ro. Am I deceiv'd ? Is this his arbitration ? [*Aside.*]
Know, thou fell savage, thy loud roar is wind.

ALB. Away ! take that. (*Smites.*) Phoh, how my
soul abhors

The loathsome cub, and his more loath'd affiance.

Ro. By Heav'n, this is inglorious. — Oh the shame !
Unlike a man ; much undeserving from
My uncle's hand, and far beneath his Grace

Of

Of Albany : — But know, ignoble spirit,
Thou vilest soul, thou basest caitiff, know,
Did not the pious ties of kindred blood,
And honour that disdains to cope with age,
Plead as two pow'rful umpires in my breast,
This sword, this sword edg'd with my keenest fury,
Shou'd soon unhouse your impious soul, and send
It trembling to its native hell.

ALB. Fit mood.

[*Aside.*

I tell thee, Rothsay, thy presumption's great ;
And for it this again.

[*Smiles.*

Ro. I will no more ;

Draw, poltroon, draw ; defend thy worthless soul.

[*Both draw, and push.*

Enter RAMORGNY, and interposes.

RA. What frantic rage does thus impel thee, Roth-
say ?

O impious ! — Seek'st thou thus to kill thy uncle ?

Ro. Ha ! recreant there ! — This to thy heart ! —

This, villain.

[*Stabs ; he falls.*

Down, down to Acheron ; there howl for ever.

ALB. Ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Exit.*

RA. Hell blast thy arm — damnation — torture — oh !

[*Dies.*

Ro. There fled with blasphemy a spirit damn'd.

[*Puts up his sword.*

ALB. Ho ! murder, murder.

[*Without.*

Ro. Ha ! what means this noise ?

Enter ALBANY and GUARDS.

ALB. Ramorgny's slain ; lay hold on Rothsay
straight ;

[*Guards seize him.*

Disarm him quick.

E

Ro.

Ro. Good soldiers, not so rude.

Enter the KING.

KING. The cry of murder, sure, I heard this way.

ALB. The fact of murder lo before thine eyes,
By Rothsay done, that inconsiderate youth.

KING. O Rothsay! Rothsay! What is this you've—
oh! *[Faints.]*

Ro. Unhand me, villains; let me to my father.

ALB. Hold fast.

Ro. O cursed uncle! Oh my father!

KING. Oh bear me from this sight! I can no longer
Sustain my load of sorrow. Brother, oh!
We'll not the youth confine.

ALB. We must indeed,
A day or two at least, the fact's so heinous;
Else will the world exclaim aloud against us.

KING. Be tender.—Oh my Rothsay! oh my son!
[Exit.]

ALB. This way the pris'ner lead.—In vain you
struggle.

Ro. Out of my sight thou dragon, and I come.
Don't drag me thus. Alas! my grieved father.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Palace, and Garden behind it.**Discovers ROTHSAÏ in a Vault.*

Ro. What have I done? my calmer reason, say;
 Say what, to merit this imprisonment?
 I kill'd a life: O horror to my nature!
 My youth's instructor; O ingrateful deed!
 Oh gracious heav'n, look down with mercy on me;
[Kneeling.]

Behold my penitence, my deep contrition,
 Imploring thy forgiveness, to wipe off
 The stain of guilty murder. Oh forget
 My many and iniquitous transgressions;
 For thou art merciful, and will forgive
 The wretch repentant who for mercy calls. [Rises.]
 Blest Heav'n, for such a place! Inhuman uncle!
 Could not confinement in some gentler ward,
 Some milder cell, or less comfortless prison,
 Content thy savage purpose, but this here;
 This hoary, damp, cold dungeon, void of light,
 Save a faint ray from yonder glimm'ring chink,
 That on the wall, with momentary gleam,
 To tortur'd fancy, seems the shade of death?
 O place abhorr'd! O place for foulest guilt
 To hide her face! In such a place as this,
 May Heav'n avert the un auspicious omen!
 Has murd'rous cruelty oft strangled innocence;

With bloody steel cut off th' imploring visage;
 Yet better wer't to suffer either death,
 Than linger out a miserable life
 In this lone, melancholy, pining state;
 Depriv'd of friendly care, the means of life
 Deny'd, cut off from ev'ry living hope;
 Here doom'd to hunger's rage, a famish'd victim.
 O thought more piercing than the heart-plung'd steel!
 Ere now I never felt the fasting pain,
 Never the vulture gnawings of pin'd nature
 Till now. If unconfin'd, I might not pine
 With hunger's rage, so food were in my power:
 But thus confin'd, thus cav'd in gloomy vault,
 Precluded from the cheerful face of day,
 Forbid the scantiest, saving means of life;
 Oh stings my craving to more desp'rate rage!
 My sorrowing father little knows my treatment;
 My dear Euphamia less my hard condition.
 O cruel destiny! to wound me thus!
 I can no longer bear. O earth, cold earth!
 Upon thy breast receive this load of misery.

[Leans down,

Here let me lie. Ye solemn list'ning walls,
 That silent hear my melancholy plaint,
 Here wrap me in your darkest, gloomiest mantle.
 Come, Sleep! that mak'st the wretch forget his pain,
 Pour down thy balm, and lull awhile my woes. [Sleeps.

Enter DOROTHEA into the Garden.

Do. 'Tis strange to be thus stopp'd and rudely question'd;

I, who am Borthwick's daughter: never thus
 I stood obstructed in my noon-tide walk,

But

But freely pass'd, as flits the lib'ral wind.
 What means this unaccustom'd vigilance?
 This narrow search? this strict unusual duty?
 I know the King is here; and this full well
 I know, his presence ne'er before occasion'd
 This num'rous soldiery, this double guard,
 This care, and more officious scrutiny.
 What can it mean? [Exit.]

Ro. O Sleep! why fly'st thou thus
 My earthy couch? Thou visit'st not the eye
 Of Misery, nor com'st thou to her call:
 Thou froward god, why thus unkind? why thus
 Uncharitable to the wretch forlorn?
 Not so erewhile you fled me, but, with kind
 And ready hand, administer'd thy balm.
 Oh earth, thou art unkind; you've chill'd me all.

[Rises.]
 O'tis cold; 'tis deadly, deadly, perishing.
 O were I situate where the noon-tide sun,
 With beams more pow'rful, heats the burning clime;
 Yet were it bootless, was I thus deny'd
 The aliment of life. O blest the swain,
 Who on the bleak and tempest-beaten mountain,
 Where drives the fleet, where blows the wintry wind,
 Shivers amid the rigour of the storm;
 For he can hie him to his little shield,
 And at the hearth partake his rural cheer:

[Re-enter DOROTHEA.]
 But me far other hap, far other pain annoys.
 Oh wretched state! oh life-afflicting misery!

DOR. What poor unhappy wretch is this I hear,
 Wounding the ear with lamentable plaints?

Ro.

Ro. Oh must I, pining, thus of life despair?

Dor. The voice I surely know — It cannot be.
I'll hear once more.

Ro. Thus fall a famish'd victim?

Dor. My doubt gains on belief. I'll be inform'd.

[Advances to the window.]

What poor unhappy creature art thou, say,
Who thus afflict'st the ear with thy complaining?

Ro. Heav'n bless that voice; it surely pities me.
O thou, who e'er thou art, for mercy's sake
Take pity on a poor ill-fated wretch,
Pining to death in this cold loathsome dungeon.

Dor. Who art thou, say? and what thy guilty
crime?

For guiltless, nought but fellest cruelty
Could put thee there.

Ro. 'Tis I, unhappy Rothsai,
Whom the stern doom of Albany confines
In this unhospitable gloom, to fall
A meagre victim to the rage of hunger.

Dor. O barb'rous cruelty! O horror, horror!
Why sleeps Heav'n's vengeance, while such cruelty
Is suffer'd here on earth to live unpunish'd?
Ah, wretched youth! ah, poor unhappy prince!

Ro. Oh I am hard bestead, and truly wretched!
Say, what good angel is this pities me?
O say, that I may know who's thus so kind!

Dor. I'm Dorothea, Borthwick's daughter, whom
Severest anguish pains to hear thy hap.

Ro. O thou, the daughter of that worthy man!
Thou kind and tender-hearted angel, haste,
And fetch, for mercy's sake, the smallest crumb

Of

Of bread ; no food I've tasted these three days :
 Sore grief and abstinence have been my lot ;
 Grief for my father, who bewails the loss
 Of my young brother, now captiv'd in England.

DOR. Alas, poor prince, the more thou'rt to be pitted.

Oh know it is impossible to 'scape
 The narrow search of centinels on watch,
 That strictly guard each entrance to this place,
 And to thy father all admission stop.

RO. If so, then Heav'n to grace receive my soul !
 Since hopes of life are lost, than welcome death,
 Thou who reliev'st the pining wretch from misery:

DOR. Yet I will to my father, and I'll tell,
 Report him thy sad state, and he will pity.
 Tho' duty bids the stern command obey,
 One charitable breach he shall commit,
 In kind connivance to thy quick relief,
 To grant his daughter unmolested passage ;
 Meantime be cheer'd, and wait my quick return.

RO. Oh stay, kind angel ! I have more to ask.
 By all the love and tenderness of woman,
 By secrecy, and firmest confidence,
 One last, but kindest favour, I request.

DOR. Say then ; if in my pow'r, 'tis now fulfill'd.

RO. Oh know I have a wife, who pines my absence ;

The beauteous daughter of Sir John the Grame,
 Whom you may know. Oh send the woful tidings
 Of my hard state ; desire her to proclaim
 Our secret nuptials, and my uncle's cruelty ;
 For sure if the least spark of pity dwells

Within

32 THE DUKE OF ROTHSAÏ.

Within a subject's breast, he will arise,
And haste to right an injur'd prince's wrongs.

DOR. The more I hear thy piteous tale, the more
My heart you wound. This all I quick dispatch:
Be patient; I'm away. — A prince so steady,
And wife forlorn, who wou'd not pity them? [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter the KING and ALBANY.

KING. Oh Albany, how fares my Rothsay? tell
How brooks my tender boy his late confinement?

ALB. He's well: a cheerful ward confines the youth:
His stomach's good; he eats a hearty meal;
And reck's no more Sir John Ramorgny's death,
Than I'd, with this sharp point, to pierce a traitor.
I cannot but applaud his noble spirit:
Fore sure Ramorgny was a villainous knave;
(May Heav'n forgive me to revile the dead!)
A selfish, sly, insinuating caitiff,
Who well deserv'd the sudden fate he got.

KING. O don't rake up the ashes of the dead;
It wounds my tenderness to hear thee thus.
I knew Romorgny fierce, and that my son
Was rash. May Heav'n forgive th' unhappy youth!

ALB. We do forgive; but this to let him know
At present, were imprudent, and might prove
A fatal precedent in future conduct.
To-morrow we relieve, if penitent
He seem; if harden'd in his guilt, we must
Confine him longer till he shews contrition.

KING.

KING. This evening I shall see him, and will know
If he repents him of his guilty deed.

ALB. I wou'd not have your Majesty so soon:
He knows you are indulgent, soft inclin'd;
He by fond blandishments, and fair confession,
Wou'd win remission from your tenderness,
Which to him afterwards might fatal prove.

KING. Brother, I must confess your reason's just.

ALB. A hasty pardon, in the convict's judgement,
Extenuates the horror of the guilt,
And proves a prelude oft to greater crimes:
Best to defer the visit till to-morrow.

KING. Well, brother, I comply with your advice.
A father's soft anxiety I bear
With tender patience: you meantime be kind;
With gentle usage treat the princely youth. *[Exit.*

ALB. I do.

By all the canonized saints,
My happier fortune now sits fairly plum'd,
And basks her in the sunshine of my wish.
Thus fly Hypocrisy I make my scope.
The world puts on her falsifying mask,
And archly cozens shallow rationals.
The priest, with looks demure and Heav'n-turn'd eye,
Stretching his lungs with holy cant orac'lous,
Lifts minds to Heav'n, but keeps his own on earth,
Regardful of a fat and temp'ral benefice.
The lawyer, with huge periwig on head,
Like the grave owl, listens his client's suit,
With courteous leer accepts the golden fee,
And bids him hope, though desperate his cause.
The calm physician, with averted look

F

And

Within a subject's breast, he will arise,
And haste to right an injur'd prince's wrongs.

DOR. The more I hear thy piteous tale, the more
My heart you wound. This all I quick dispatch:
Be patient; I'm away. — A prince so steady,
And wife forlorn, who wou'd not pity them? *[Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter the KING and ALBANY.

KING. Oh Albany, how fares my Rothsay? tell
How brooks my tender boy his late confinement?

ALB. He's well: a cheerful ward confines the youth:
His stomach's good; he eats a hearty meal;
And reck's no more Sir John Ramorgny's death,
Than I'd, with this sharp point, to pierce a traitor.
I cannot but applaud his noble spirit:
Fore sure Ramorgny was a villainous knave;
(May Heav'n forgive me to revile the dead!)
A selfish, fly, insinuating caitiff,
Who well deserv'd the sudden fate he got.

KING. O don't rake up the ashes of the dead;
It wounds my tenderness to hear thee thus.
I knew Romorgny fierce, and that my son
Was rash. May Heav'n forgive th' unhappy youth!

ALB. We do forgive; but this to let him know
At present, were imprudent, and might prove
A fatal precedent in future conduct.
To-morrow we relieve, if penitent
He seem; if harden'd in his guilt, we must
Confine him longer till he shews contrition.

KING.

KING. This evening I shall see him, and will know
If he repents him of his guilty deed.

ALB. I wou'd not have your Majesty so soon :
He knows you are indulgent, soft inclin'd ;
He by fond blandishments, and fair confession,
Wou'd win remission from your tenderness,
Which to him afterwards might fatal prove.

KING. Brother, I must confess your reason's just.

ALB. A hasty pardon, in the convict's judgement,
Extenuates the horror of the guilt,
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With courteous leer accepts the golden fee,
And bids him hope, though desperate his cause.
The calm physician, with averted look

F

And

And wond'rous meaning, feels the patient's pulse,
 And preaches abstinence; though he himself
 Will largely surfeit on another's dainties.
 His lordship too, when leave is to be granted,
 Will take the monied peasant by the hand,
 And joke familiar o'er the social glass:
 Lo, soon as he receives his penny-earnest,
 He now nor jokes familiar as before,
 But hints th' assured sign for his departure,
 And ever after holds him at proud distance.
 Shou'd I, whom Heav'n has thus endu'd with reason,
 A shrewd discerning in the frauds of man,
 Not too put on the mask Hypocrisy,
 When shallow cravens, with flat chicanery,
 Make profit by it? I ever foolish else. *[Exit]*

S C E N E III.

BORTHWICK *and* DOROTHEA.

DOR. Dear father, glad I am to find you now.
 Oh the sad hap, the melancholy tale!
 I cannot —

BOR. What's the matter, child? You seem
 Concern'd and greatly troubled: What the cause?

DOR. Oh the sweet youth, the beauteous princely
 Rothsay!

'Twould melt the stoniest heart to hear his hap.

BOR. Heav'n guard the youth! What has befall'n
 him, say?

DOR. The cruel Duke his uncle Albany —

BOR.

BOR. Soft, child; don't speak so loud, we'll be o'er-
heard:

Know, as he's powerful, he's revengeful too.

DOR. With black intent confines him in a dungeon;
A gloomy dismal vault, cold as the grave:
And, oh! a harder fate attends the youth;
His pious sorrow for his grieved father,
Who mourns the fortune of his younger son,
That lies a captive in the tow'r of London,
Has not partak'd the sustenance of life
Since the sad tidings to his father came.
This knew his uncle; and has ta'en the vantage
Of the sad state of the abstaining youth,
And has imprison'd him, unheard of cruelty!
Beneath the earth, to fall a prey to hunger.

BOR. I love not this of Albany: it looks
Not well: I wonder at his unwise conduct.
O, thinks he, this will still escape the censure
And spreading rumour of th' accusing world.
Tho' great his pow'r, and awful his supremacy,
This cannot, will not, surely pass unpunish'd.
I much suspected some unfair design
Lurking beneath his sly pretence, to send
The younger Prince to France at such a time,
At such a perilous juncture, when our foes
Of England rule the main with pow'rful navy,
Num'rous as Corsairs on the midland sea,
Now making captures of our smallest vessels,
And tot'ly stopping intercourse with France.
I see his drift: he aims at sov'reign pow'r;
Oh cruelly aims it, thus to starve the youth.

DOR. Now charity, and faithful promise, bid

Me hasten to fulfil a pious duty,
To fetch relief unto his needful hunger.

BOR. Beware, my child; there's danger in th' attempt :

For know, it is impossible to 'scape
The search and strict inquiry of the guards,
Who at each gate, by Albany's commands,
Are stationed not to let a mortal enter,
Or have egress, without his special licence
And knowledge of their purport; which, if 't tends
Repugnant to his will, the consequence
Is bad.

DOR. I know: for as I went to walk,
And pass'd the gate where Forester commands,
The soldiers stopp'd, and rudely me they question'd,
I marvell'd at this unaccustom'd treatment;
Yet sought them mildly they wou'd let me pass;
Told I intended only to the garden
To take my usual noontide walk: but ere
They let me go, they search'd with strictest care.

BOR. Then 'twere in vain, my child, to attempt
again.

Suspicion ever wakes with jealous eye,
And stronger grows upon a second doubt;
Prompt to detect what most we deem secure.

DOR. Yet I this once will risk, to save his life.
The Lord of Heav'n, which guards the just on earth,
Will, with complacence, view this pious deed.
In him I trust, and his all-pow'rful arm:
He will protect me in this friendly deed,
And guide me safely through a prying watch,
As he did Judith through Assyrian host,

BOR.

BOR. Not but I much commend your pious purpose,

And wou'd permit you to fulfil your promise;

But, oh my child! a father's tenderness

Now rises in my breast, and bids me fear,

Oh greatly fear, some fatal consequence

Attends the kind performance of such deed.

Whatever sages may pretend to say

Of patriot-zeal, and love to sovereign liege,

In preference to Nature's stricter ties,

Thus far I feel her pow'rful dictates sway

A father's mind, that now nor patriot-zeal,

Nor love to sovereign liege, shou'd me persuade

To put your dearer life in jeopardy;

To break the tenderer bond of pow'rful nature.

No, no, my child; may Heav'n prolong thy life,

And still preserve you, as thou'rt dear to me.

Myself shall speed with all immediate haste,

Heav'n will forgive this pious breach of trust,

To bring supply to his necessity.

Here rather let the parent-stock be hewn,

Than let the tender scion timeless fall.

DOR. Oh no, my father! rather let me go;

Suspicion less will harbour: were you found

From off your watch, attempting to relieve

The Prince's hunger, fatal were the issue;

Stern Albany wou'd deem your breach more heinous.

You will permit me therefore rather go.

Beneath this linen veil, which shrouds my head,

Where, sure, Suspicion's hand will never search,

I'll succouring bread convey.

BOR. My dear, the thought

Is shrewd, as is the action charitable :
 Your safer scheme has gain'd my approbation :
 Go then, my child ; and Heav'n's best angel guard
 you.

DOR. Yet ere I go, I must inform you more.
 Know, that the Prince is married, privily wed,
 To the sole daughter of Sir John the Grame.
 From him I had strict charge to send her knowledge
 Of his hard state and his stern uncle's usage ;
 Which here to you, dear father, I commit
 You to discharge, to send a speedy courier,
 On whom you can rely, with written notice.
 This all. — I now speed to fulfil my promise.

BOR. And I to do what Charity too prompts.

[Exit DOR.]

Manet BORTHWICK.

O Albany ! why sleeps thy Conscience in thee ?
 Hast thou no sense of this thy horrid cruelty ?
 Think'st thou, proud man, that Heav'n will pardon
 this ?

Or that the earth will suffer you to stalk
 A guilty monster on her frighted surface,
 And not aloud for vengeance cry ? Know guilt,
 Guilt black as thine, will never go unpunish'd. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter ALBANY and GUARDS.

ALB. Here, mark me, you ! dispatch immediate
 hence,
 And round the palace pace your strict patrol.

I know there's in the vault where Rothsay's prison'd,
A little cranny that beholds the garden.
This in especial manner I enjoin,
To let no person thereunto approach
Upon your utmost peril. If you spy
Or man or woman, of or high or vulgar,
Them apprehend, and instantly bring hither.
Be gone; and carefully observe my mandate.

GUA. We do your Highness' orders. [Exeunt.

ALB. Lo, these slaves,
Tho' ignorant of my intent, fulfil
My high commands. Thus awe and strict discipline
Beget fidelity and ready service.
Yet these are false by nature; not a man
But holds a greater share of perfidy
Than truth: but Reason, that sits in the mind
A partial umpire, judges still against
The former's sway, when fatal is the issue.
None I make privy to my deep resolves.
To me alone, if I succeed, the praise
And high award belong. If Fortune low'r,
None ere shall have it in their pow'r to say,
Why have you, Albany, me brought to this?
To mankind all there's ample charity:
For man's a selfish mercenary creature;
Who for a sordid fee will pawn his conscience,
And barter his fidelity for gain.
Sylla I lov'd; who by his signal virtues,
And consciousness of his superior soul,
Obtain'd high honours, not reposing trust
In falsifying man. Wise was that liege,
Brave Masinissa, who, from sage experience,
Knew

Knew man's strong promptitude to falsity ;
 And therefore rather chose to trust his life,
 To the sure custody of dogs, than man.
 Since man is false, and not to be entrusted,
 Save where the rigid hand of pow'r can reach
 To punish breach of faith ; therefore his aid
 Nor do I ask, nor trust his venal soul. [Exit]

SCENE V. *The Vault.*

Ro. With what a leaden and retarding weight,
 O Time, thy heavy minutes flow ! None count
 Thy sluggish moments but the wretch forlorn ;
 The wretch who listens to the hourly knell
 Of sad rememb'rance that he once was blest.
 O had I now, to drown this painful mem'ry,
 The opiate drench of kind oblivion ; then,
 Then I were highly blest. This clinging frame
 Shou'd then forget it ever pin'd with want ;
 And shou'd the hand of Death, in the cold grave,
 Compose to rest this wretched load of misery.
 Vain wish ! if still th' immortal spirit felt
 (As it does, surely, in the world unknown)
 The mutual pangs of painful lamentation,
 From widow'd woman's tenderness, that weeps
 Th' untimely fall of her departed lord.
 Methinks my spirit, hov'ring in the air,
 Now hears, from some sequester'd glade, or from
 The frightful summit of some pendent rock,
 With flowing hair, and sorrow-streaming eyes,
 My wretched wife despair, call on her husband,
 " O Rothsay, hear me ! hear thy wife's sad plaint !
 " Thy

"Thy once lov'd dear Euphamia call on thee."
But hold, my thought! to what unbound extremes
Of wo imagin'd do you now impell me?
Sure Dorothea promis'd she wou'd come
With saving succour to my sore distress:
As sure she will, and I yet shall not die.

Enter DOROTHEA.

I've safe escap'd the centinel's strict search;
The way is clear, and I am unobserv'd.
Now, Charity, administer thy comfort.

Enter GUARDS.

1st Guard. Stop; she intends the place.

2d Guard. We must prevent.

3d Guard. We'll spy her motion.

2d Guard. We must not delay.

1st Guard. Behold her art; she has escap'd.

3d Guard. 'Tis strange.

*[Dorothea takes out the cake, and
advances to the window.]*

DOR. Lo, princely Rothsay! I am here return'd
With safety, and with comfort to thy life.

RO. Heav'n blest thee, thou kind angel! O thou'rt
good!

Oh did you send —

[One of the Guards advances close behind.]

DOR. Here take, while I'm unseen.

1st Guard. And say you so!

[He seizes her arm with the cake.]

DOR. Heav'ns! Guard, what do you mean?

1st Guard. Dispatch, and tell.

[Exit one of the Guards.]

DOR.

DOR. Why this unseemly insolence?

[*The other seizes her.*]

1st Guard. You must to Albany and give account.

2d Guard. All is in vain.

[*She struggles as they haul her off.*]

DOR. Poor Rothsay! I can't help thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Ro. She is discover'd! I'm the fatal cause

Of all the injuries she may incur

From Alb'ny's cruel mind. O destiny,

How hard thou deal'st with me! Could'st thou not spare

To wound me thus with double agony,

To crush that virgin innocence in act

Of kindest charity? Let me not blame;

'Tis Heav'n's permission, and I must resign.

S C E N E VI.

Enter ALBANY and the GUARD.

ALB. What! with supply of bread? Did ye withhold
Till she deliver'd it?

GUARD. Our instant seizure
Such breach of trust prevented. Lo she's brought
Before your Highness. I was sent to tell.

ALB. May go. [*Exit Guard.*]
Ha! this I brook not well. I'm now
Unsafe to lodge him longer there. I must,
By secret measures, to the common jail
Transport him hence, and lock him fast in irons.
There are for petty crimes some slaves confin'd,

On

On whom I palm his death, and after hang.
 Now hell arise, and from this steady breast.
 Erazе all soft compunctiоns of remorse;
 Nor let the tender seeds of mercy spring,
 To save the wretch who'd thwart me in my aim.
 Lo, here she comes; and I am full resolv'd.

DOR. For Heav'n's sake, do not so roughly drag me,

[*Within.*

Enter DOROTHEA.

O royal Duke, relieve me from these men.

GUARD. We first the knowledge of your crime declare,

T'inform your Highness, she beneath that veil
 Of linen on her head conceal'd this cake;

Which she attempting to give through the window,
 We quickly seiz'd, and brought her here along.

ALB. 'Twas well; unband; retire, and leave her here.

[*Exit. Guards.*

DOR. Lo, in this humble posture, I implore,

[*Kneels.*

O royal Albany, thy kind forgiveness.

'Twas charity that prompted me to this:

I thought there was no harm in succouring life.

ALB. Kind and obliging girl.

[*Aside.*

Here get thee up.

I will not stoop to martyr thee thus low,

Thou basest caitiff of thy hated sex.

DOR. Heav'n guard! his eyes dart terror to my soul:

His looks are fatal; let me fly his fury.

[*Exit.*

ALB. If she escapes, all's known, and I'm unsafe.

By hell, and my antipathy, she shan't.

[Exit with his sword drawn.]

DOR. Oh sure you will not kill me! spare my life!

[Without.]

Help! Murder! Help!

[Runs across the Stage; Albany pursues her.]

ALB. You cry and fly in vain.

DOR. Oh spare a helpless woman! save my life!

[Behind.]

ALB. I hate officious woman. Take thy meed.

DOR. Oh! oh! oh!

Re-enter ALBANY bloody.

ALB. Thus perish all of womankind who'd seek
To cross me in my golden line of hope.
My resolution very nigh had faint'd
In the mid-way——Banquo's spirit fled me,
Had not the dire antipathy I bear
The hateful sex, supported my revenge.
With what rich tincture glows the virgin's blood!
Her innocence, methinks, wou'd bid me weep
Her timeless fall, in crimson drops like these,
But that the rooted purpose of my soul
Dissuades such weakness in my harden'd breast.
Her corpse I must conceal from public notice.
First, I must cleanse me from these stains of guilt,
Lest them the cens'ring eyes of men espy,
And deem me cruel. This is quickly done;
And I again seem pure as spotless innocence.
Thus by degrees I mount without alarm,
To gain the summit of my high ambition.
As th' adder climbs some moss-grown tow'ring wall,
Intent to crush the nestling brood of kestrel;

So I, thus subtle, scale, until I crush
The seed of Fernzier, and empale these brows
With the bright orb of Caledonia's diadem. [Exit.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter ALBANY and JAILOR.

ALB. Hither, jailor. Have you done your office?
Is your pris'ner strictly gyv'd and manacled,
Securely bound in chains as I commanded?

JAIL. He is, an't like your Highness; all is done
According to your orders.

ALB. Mark me further:
Upon your peril, if you hear him call
For saving food, him no supply afford.
Here, take you this. Remember what I say.

[Gives money.

JAIL. Your Highness knows, I've ever to my trust
Been faithful, and will now no falser prove.

ALB. Continue so then, as thy life thou tender'st.
[Exit.

JAIL. By Barabbas, he threatens very hard.
He bites not always when he loudly barks.
Zooks, he is ever generous unto me:

[Looks at the money.

And who are so, find me their humble servant.

[Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter BORTHWICK.

BOR. 'Tis strange my daughter has not yet return'd.

What can detain her thus so long? Grant Heav'n
 She be not as my fears suggest! No, sure,
 Fell cruelty wou'd shrink th' uplifted arm
 At pleading innocence, such innocence
 As her's, and change the stern vindictive frown
 To gentle smiles of quick-forgiving mercy.
 Oh, yet the worst I fear! Return, return,
 My child, and undeceive a father's fears.
 Wou'd Heav'n I had restrain'd — Oh my child!
 Soft! tear not thus my heart-strings. — Come, I say,
 Come back — What! will you not — So, so, I see
 What you're about — Aha! I've catch'd you now —
 I will not let you go again, — Blest Heav'n! —
 Where am I now? — I thought my child was here!

Enter CRICHTON weeping.

Who's this comes here in moping melancholy,
 With wet-wing'd sorrow drooping on his count'nance,
 A woful index to some dire mischance?
 My friend! my Crichton! What's the matter, man?
 Thou look'st as if some grievous load of wo,
 That touch'd me near, sat heavy on thy soul,
 And wonder'st why I look so cheerful on't.
 So fares the glimpse that sudden clouds o'ercast,
 Say then; out with it. Has your sweet-heart been
 Unkind

Unkind of late. What! not a word?—Fie man,
Fie; you a lover, not to guard thy mistress!

[Weeps.

CR. Oh!

BOR. Nought but sighs? What! art thou turn'd,
like Niobe,

A weeping monument embath'd in tears?

Come, man; we know, had Heav'n prevented it,
She was to've been—what makes thee weep?—his
wife.

[Weeps.

Cheer up the heart, sweet youth! Speak; tell me
what,

What you have seen? Out with the woful tiding.

CR. Oh Sir, forgive me; for I cannot tell:
And cou'd I tell, the story wou'd astound thee.

BOR. I am prepar'd to hear the worst. I know,
I know she's murder'd. Oh my child is murder'd!

[Weeps.

CR. Alas! too well thou know'st the fatal truth.

BOR. What loit'ring lover art thou? Where was
you

Meantime, that came not to your mistress' rescue?

To save her life, and tie the love-knot firmer?

Poor saunt'ring wooer!

CR. Oh upbraid me not.

My present suff'rings are enough to kill me.

I saw not, till of late, the tragic fight;

A fight, wou'd Heav'n I'd died ere I beheld it.

Alone I saw it, and I came in vain.

BOR. Oh where and how did you behold it? say!

Say! Kill me with the deathful piercing tale.

CR. I will not be so cruel.

BOR.

BOR. But you shall.

CR. With courage hear me then.

BOR. I will. O say!

CR. As I was passing through the gallery,
Where oft my fair and I have talk'd of love —
Oh cruel destiny! no more such talk;
No more, ye conscious walls, shall see our dalliance;
Nor you, ye breathing tints, smile while we woo.

BOR. Of former scenes true love is ever mindful.
Proceed — Was passing through the gallery. —

CR. As I was passing, lo the stains of blood,
Of recent blood, the marble pavement mark'd!
Struck with a secret dread, appall'd I gaz'd;
Then on a sudden heard a mutt'ring voice,
That issu'd from the room of Albany;
Swearing by hell the deed was wisely done.
Meantime I cou'd espy him through the door,
In a big laver, cleanse his guilty hands;
Next wipe them with a blood-distained tow'l;
Then from his chamber issue, (I unseen);
And, lastly, say, Now am I pure as Pilate.

BOR. The monster — Let me not revile — Say on!

CR. The bloody trail I trac'd, which led up stairs,
Still doubtful whose it was; till last I gain'd
The upper ward; where, to m'astonied eyes,
A gorgon-sight appear'd; thy murder'd daughter!

BOR. Oh! — hold! — Oh! [Weeps.]

CR. Swaddled in her clotted gore,
With many a hideous gash in that soft breast,
Erewhile the seat of chastity and love!
Yet Beauty loath'd to quit her ev'n in death:
Death spar'd to spoil her of the bloom of life.

The

The rose and lily mingled in her face,
My cherub's face, that seem'd to sleep in innocence;
Like to a new-born babe that struggled fore. *[Weeps.]*

BOR. Oh hold!—O stop!—Hold, for Heav'n's sake!
—Revenge!

CR. Thou Arbiter of Heav'n, look down upon
[Kneels.]

My wrongs! Behold my injuries, my suff'rance!
Oh judge this guilty monster; judge him, Heav'n!
And grant he may not see a second day,
Nor know the peaceful moment of an hour,
'Till thy prerogative, just vengeance, catch him.
Empow'r me now thy minister of wrath;
And may this sword, which here I draw, no more
Repose within its sheath, till once it reach
His inmost soul, and drink the life-blood of him!

[Rises.]

BOR. Now, Crichton, now's the time to shew your
self

A man, to make the monster's blood atone
The death of Dorothea. With all speed
Dispatch to Lindores; levy quick the troops
That canton round; declare the King's ill usage,
The state of Rothsay, and my daughter's murder;
The dire effect of th' unrelenting Duke;
Whose curst ambition now affects the crown.
Demand their quick relief, and hither speed.
I shortly join you with another power,
To hunt this wolf which kill'd my tender lamb.

[Weeps.]

CR. My vengeful fury is arous'd. Now hence
I speed.

H

BOR.

BOR. Our cause is just.

CRI. Revenge! Revenge! [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter an OLD MAN guarded.

OLD. Why, foldiers, do you thus so rudely treat me?
I've been a foldier in my day, and know
What 'tis belongs unto a foldier's duty.
Pray tell me what you mean?

SOL. Peace, old impertinence;
Nor talk our duty. You must now confess,
Or torture waits you, why you hither came
A lurking spy.

Enter ALBANY.

ALB. What noise is this I hear?
Who's that you've got? Where found you that gray-
beard?

SOL. Beyond the garden-wall, beside the copse,
We spy'd him wand'ring. Soon as us he view'd,
Knowing it was impossible to 'scape,
He made toward us; and, with feigned semblance
Of real sorrow, ask'd us if we saw
A gentle damsel pass this way on foot.
To this flat question we gave no reply,
But seiz'd him straight. Belike some spy he is.

OLD. As Heav'n shall judge me at the final day,
No spy am I, nor is m' intention adverse.

ALB. Unhand him. Let him tell his motive hither.
Say, old man, whence, and what art thou?

OLD. Not far

From

From where the Ochil hills extend, within
 The op'ning glen, where, sloping on th' ascent,
 Amid the firry plantane, stands the dome,
 That pleasant site, known by the name of *Rosemount*;
 The ancient mansion of Sir John the Grame.
 From thence I came, in quest of his young daughter,
 His only child, who has this day been absent
 E'er since the change of noon: which time she was
 Observ'd, on getting some ungrateful tidings,
 With frantic rage, unknown to her before,
 Beat her soft breast, and tear her flowing hair;
 Then, in the swelling anguish of her soul,
 That choak'd all utterance to her whelming grief,
 At once she flung into the air, and fled
 Eastward amain, swift as the winged dove:
 And this they say, who saw her frantic flight,
 The meeting wind, which strengthen'd as she flew,
 Drove back her veil, drove back her loosen'd tresses,
 And bar'd her gentle limbs, that buskin'd seem'd
 With her pure blood, shed by the thorny way;
 Crying disastrous, like the Syrian queen,
 Who, on the mountains, wail'd her lover slain.
 This when I heard, struck with a sore surprize,
 I forthwith follow'd, aged as I am,
 And in my frame infirm. I since have gather'd,
 By sure intelligence, she hither fled:
 On which I sought a more compendious way
 Through the small gap that parts the forest hill.
 But I've, alas! pursu'd in vain: in vain
 I've sought, nor found the object of my quest.
 This my sole motive; this for why I'm here.
 Permit me now to go, and search her out.

'Twould kill her pious father, did he know
The sad disaster has befall'n his child.

ALB. In what degree of relative stand'st thou
To Sir John Grame, who thus appear'st so anxious
About his child, that gives himself no trouble?

OLD. He little knows; else great were his disquiet.
No relative am I, nor in degree
Of blood, save what th' inextricable bond
Of lasting friendship from our youth unites;
True friendship, stronger than the ties of kindred,
The love of dearest parents, or of brothers;
Prone nature's stricter chain, to link like souls;
To will, act, choose, reject, with joint assent:
For know, I've ever been, from earliest youth,
The close associate of Sir John the Grame,
His friend and confident in all affairs,
And shar'd his perils foreign and domestic;
Both when M'Donald sallied from the Isles,
Intent to ravage these our lowland districts,
I with him went t'oppose their savage inroads;
And when the gallant Huntington he join'd,
With other Scottish peers, to go abroad
Under the banner of the Sainted Cross,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ
In Jewry; thence to drive those infidels
And pagans, who profan'd the holy ground
O'er which our Saviour and apostles walk'd.—
Lo here I bear the honourable scars,
The martial pledges of that sacred conflict,
Which I one day receiv'd in heat of battle,
When to the rescue of my friend I rush'd,
Who singly fought amid surrounding foes.

Than

Than what the mutual pow'r of friendship draws,
This, and no nearer, stand we in relation.

ALB. Pray, then, resolve me, what may be the
cause

Of this abrupt elopement of his daughter?
And what the motive of her flying hither?

OLD. I know no cause, save what conjecture forms,
And strong suspicion, that she is espous'd,
A royal princess, to thy nephew Rothsay,
Who is reported to have kill'd Ramorgny;
For which he is arrested, and imprison'd.
The tidings, doubtless, if all this be true,
May be the motive of her coming hither,
And the sad cause of this her sore disaster.

ALB. Perdition whelm her! this I inly dreaded.
I must not here demurr, but hence to durance
With this old fox; and next the dame explore.

[*Aside.*
This way the pris'ner lead,

OLD. You do not mean
Arrestment here, I hope. Oh, let me go!
For Heaven's sake, do not detain me, Duke.

ALB. Along.
OLD. Oh tear not thus my aged frame! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Heath.*

Enter EUPHAMIA, with a Letter.

EU. Oh my husband Rothsay! [*Within.*
Almighty Heav'n support me on this journey!
Thy right direction point th' undoubted way,

While

While solitary through this barren waste,
 A wretched wife seeks her more wretched husband ;
 Her lately wedded lord, who now is — Oh —
 The cruel tyrant. — Let me read once more.

“ As you tender the life and preservation of the
 “ Prince your husband, to Faulkland hither come
 “ with all immediate haste : his life is in the utmost
 “ jeopardy. The Duke of Albany, whose high ambi-
 “ tion aspires to sovereign majesty, has been in-
 “ form’d by some officious sycophant, that Rothsay
 “ has abstain’d from taking any food during these
 “ three days, by reason of the inconsolable state of
 “ his father, who mourns the late unfortunate capti-
 “ vity of his younger son. The Duke, the sooner to
 “ accomplish his accurst design, has thrown the Prince
 “ into a dungeon ; and therein secretly intends to starve
 “ him.”

Oh gracious Heav’n, support him till I come !
 Alas ! what boots it then, so strict imprison’d,
 And doubtless watch’d, that none may access have ?
 O barbarian ! do’st thou think to hinder me,
 Tho’ thou, with seven-fold brass, immur’d him round,
 Or cav’d him in an adamant rock ?
 No : — Heav’n wou’d lend me pow’r to burst that ob-
 stacle,

To rend the rock, or breach the brazen wall.

Yes — I will loud proclaim his injuries !

Thou, earth, shalt hear me call aloud thy aid :

Each loyal subject shall in arms arise,

To right an injur’d prince and princess’ wrongs.

S C E N E

SCENE V. *Faulkland.**Enter ANNA and SISTER.*

Sis. 'Tis strange, my sister; what may all this mean?

You say your husband was sent for to-day
At Albany's request. He wills not, sure,
To doom more guiltless souls to death. The world
Aloud exclaims against his cruelty.

AN. And with just reason: but you know he's
pow'rful;

And what he wills, or acts, none dare oppose.
He lately has committed to the prison
The Prince, his nephew; (who, on self-defence,
They say, dispatch'd the villainous Knight Ramorgny),
And, like a common malefactor, lock'd
Him in strict ir'ns, within a cheerless cell.
To me my husband this in secret told.
He never us'd to be so free before.
Grant Heav'n has soften'd his relentless heart,
To shew kind pity tow'rd his royal prisoner.

Sis. This is, methinks, harsh usage to the Prince,
And throws a stain upon his unwise uncle,
To put him, like a covi&t thief, in ir'ns,
And in a loathsome jail.

AN. Yet worse betides:
My husband is forbid, and strictly charg'd,
Upon the fatal peril of his life,
To give him no supply of saving food,
Till he receives full orders from the Duke.

I fear me, under this lurks some design.

SIS. It looks not well. I marvel how the King
Allows such guilt.

AN. Why need you marvel that ?
You know he rules as king himself, and will
Do what he lists: for sly and cunning is he;
And what he secret wills, ne'er comes within
The ken, I warrant, of the King his brother.

SIS. I pity then the poor unfort'nate Prince:
He's to be pitied, and his nearer ties.

AN. Alas, my sister! you have wak'd my fears,
Now touch'd my tender feeling. Oh forgive
This sudden flow of grief. [Weeps.

SIS. What means my sister?
If tender pity for a stranger's hap
Thus wakes your grief, what wou'd a kindred's do?

AN. Alas! you know not—Dear as kindred dear,
Dear as the first-born of my womb, is she—
Alas unhappy! [Weeps.

SIS. You surprize me still
With mysteries I cannot comprehend,
And wake my greater doubts. Pray tell me, sister,
What the sad cause whom thus you weep so sorely?
Say; I will share a partner in your wo.
Grief, when unbosom'd, soothes th' afflicted mind.

AN. Ah me! if all be true—blest Heav'n forbid it!—
I have just reason to lament her hap. [Weeps.
My dear-lov'd child!

SIS. You still in riddles speak,
Surprise me with thy grief.

AN. Then, sister, know,
There is report, the fair Euphamia Grame,
Whom

Whom ten years past, in infancy, I tended,
And whom I have not since beheld, alas!
Is wretched.

Sis. Whom! that pretty child which, when
I came to see you in your servitude,
Was then about six years of age?

AN. The same.

Sis. She who to me was so discreet and kind?

AN. Alas! why do you wound me with the
thought?

Sis. Oh tell me what's befall'n that gentle creature,
Who's now so much renown'd for peerless beauty.

AN. Though that obtain'd a happy view, she's now
Alas! unhappy, and most miserable.
Know there's report she was in secret wed
But lately to the royal Duke of Rothsay,
Whose state you know.

Sis. Oh! she is to be pitied.
I marvel not the cause of your just sorrow.
She little knows, I trust, his sad misfortune.

AN. O were I now assur'd all this were true,
I'd fly this day, with speediest haste, and tell,
Report her all that has befall'n her lord.

Enter EUPHEMIA.

Eu. This, sure, the place. What women these?
be still

My heart, nor now betray thy inward feeling.
Perhaps they can inform me, tell me all.

Good women, pray, is this the town of Faulkland?

[To them.]

AN. It is. Thou art a stranger, we presume,
Who thus inquir'st, and hast been never here.

I

Eu.

EU. I am a stranger. Hear you any news,
I pray, you can inform, about this place?

AN. None, save what's common whisper'd ev'ry
where.

EU. What's that, I pray?

AN. You have not heard it then?

EU. Oh say; resolve me; tell th' unhappy tidings.

AN. I shall not be the first to tell; 'tis fatal
Here t'inform you. Cease to ask; we know you not.

EU. By my disaster you shall tell, ere hence
I go. Hard-hearted women! Oh! [Weeps.

AN. Blest Heav'ns!
Were young Euphamia Grame now here, I'd say
This same were she: her looks, her voice, are like.
What think you, sister, does she not resemble?
Make some allowance for her riper years.

SIS. Methinks she greatly does, in my best mem'ry.

AN. Conjecture now wins on my firm belief.
I'll question. — Pray, young Lady, whence dost come?

EU. Resolve me first what thou hast strange to tell?

AN. I will comply, be what the issue will. [Aside.
Nought; save the Duke of Albany confines,
In jail, his nephew Rothsay, the young prince.

EU. Is that not strange? is that not cruel usage?
Oh! is it not — [Weeps.

AL. Thou seem'st concern'd, young Lady.

EU. Oh great's my cause.

AN. This surely is Euphamia. [Aside.
Pray, gentle Lady, com'st thou not from Rosemount?

EU. Who'rt thou that ask'st? what! wast thou ever
there?
Did you behold me ever at that place?

AN.

AN. Alas, she knows me not. Unhappy bride!

[*Aside.*

Oh, art thou not Euphamia Grame? Thou art!
I know thou art! Thy looks, thy voice, declare
Thou know'st me not; me, once thy woman Anna.

EU. Anna!

AN. Oh 'tis she! it is my child Euphamia!
My dear lov'd child, come to my heart, my life! —
Forgive this fondness of thy faithful Anna.
Great were my joy, did I not know the cause,
The woful cause, of this sad visitation.

Alas, why came you? — Oh to see you thus! [*Weeps.*

Srs. I can no longer bear this woful meeting.

[*Exit.*

EU. Alas, poor woman! she condoles my hap.

[*Aside.*

Oh, Anna! you have seen me otherwise.
Blest were the days I spent in infant years:
Thou saw'st them, and conduc'd to make them happier.

But now a sudden change is come upon me.
My Lord, my Rothsay! know'st thou, Anna, where,
In what black cell, the monster has confin'd him;
The monster Albany, his impious uncle?
Oh tell; he is my husband; Anna, tell me.

AN. Alas! he is confin'd where none dare enter,
Save one who is hard-hearted as his uncle,
To whom my harder fate has link'd his wife.
My stubborn husband, who nor feels nor pities
Another's woes, to him he's put in charge;
And, worst, is lock'd in galling chains, forbid
The smallest morsel to preserve his life.

EV. Oh Anna! is not that the worst of deaths
 The cruel-minded Albany intends?
 Just Heav'n shall frustrate his accurst design.
 The world shall know it; yes, I'll call aloud,
 And pierce the ears of ev'ry feeling mortal,
 With this unheard-of murder. Hence I'll fly;
 And, with the boldness of an injur'd woman,
 That now inspires this vengeful swelling breast,
 Confront the baleful murderer his uncle;
 Arraign his guilty conscience of the deed;
 Demand the open freedom of my husband.
 Hence with me, Anna; shew me where I'll find him.

AN. Let not the tide of passion overwhelm thee thus.
 Be calm, and moderate yourself, dear Lady.
 Alas! you run on dangers unforeseen.
 I will not let you hence; 'twere much imprudent:
 I cou'd not bear to see you rudely treated;
 To see your gentle frame dragg'd by rough hands,
 And put in dismal durance.

EV. Who dare that?
 Think'st thou I'll suffer this impiety
 To pass? allow this guilty man to act
 Unblam'd? No; think not I'll be stopt. His guilt
 Will sting his conscience to the inmost sense,
 When thus he is arraign'd. I'll claim my lord;
 Insist his freedom. — Let me to my Rothsay!

[Attempts to break away, Anna stops her.]

AN. Oh stay, dear Lady; rush not thus on fate;
 'Tis deadly to attempt; the Duke is cruel.
 O go not thus unaided; stay, be patient.
 All this the world already knows, and will
 Not suffer such black deed to be accomplish'd.

Meantime

Meantime I haply may prevail upon
My husband to admit you to the prison:
You may in secrecy conceal some food;
Convey it to him, to sustain his life,
'Till all is known, and you be back with friends;
Which short time hence undoubtedly will happen.

EU. Thou'st touch'd the ear of reason with your
words,

And quell'd the raging tumult that warr'd in me.

Now, Anna, I comply. Go to thy husband,

And plead with all the pow'r of tender feeling,

The soft endearments of a loving wife.

My humble suit enforce by circumstance;

Thy knowledge of me; who I am; my hap;

That thou wert once my handmaid, I thy friend;

Thy friend now firmer from this charity.

Enter SISTER.

SIS. O Anna, for the love you bear this lady,

Somewhere conceal her now; she's sought for strictly

By scatter'd bands of ruffian soldiers, sent

To apprehend her by the Duke's commands.

By some he is inform'd she's hither come.

EU. Ha! what means he? I thank your kindly
service.

AN. Be not afraid, dear Lady; they shan't find
you.

I will conceal you where they won't suspect.

Now go you, sister, lead her through the thicket

By the thorn-hedge, straight to the postern door.

With silence go, (*to Euphania*); and I will haste be-
fore

Unto my husband, and will plead your access

Unto

Unto thy prison'd Lord.

[*Exit.*

Sis. This way.

Ev. I follow.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter ALBANY and GUARDS.

ALB. What! have you neither seen nor heard of her?

Along the northern causeway did you go,
As far as to the ferny mount, and search?

GU. We did, an't like your Highness, and in-
quir'd

At several country-people whom we met,
When going outward, and returning back,
If they beheld this damsel in their way;
To which their answer, They had seen her not.

ALB. Away unto your duty, and be watchful.

[*Exit Guards.*

Manet ALBANY.

What! can I trust the tale of this old man?
A tale devis'd with friv'lous circumstance,
To blindfold reason, and amuse weak minds.
He is not what to me at first he seem'd:
Some vagrant palmer must he be, who feigns,
In trite vamp phrase, this holy per'grination,
To set agap the credulous sort of mankind,
And gull them of their easy-yielding alms.
Thus shipwreck'd mariners I've seen impose
On letter'd pedagogues, in mongrel Latin,
A tale distressful, which they said bechang'd them.

No;

No ; this is all a legendary fable ;
A forgery ; an artificial coinage,
I credit not. He says the Prince is wed.
To whom ? The daughter of Sir John the Grame.
Phooh ! ne'er so low the gentle falcon swoops,
To trufs woodpeckers, when a nobler quarry
Is on the wing. Duke Rothsay had his choice
Of three Earls daughters, yet made no election ;
And they were not contemptible to such
As choose to link in matrimonial union.
And shou'd he dare, without our joint concurrence,
To single out, by stealth, this fabled bride ?
Perhaps he might ; he's obstinate of will,
Opinionate, and never brook'd controul.
'Tis said the damsel too is fair. — By hell,
All may be true. — If so, she may alarm.
Ha ! the event — Oh unavowed peril !
A curse light on the intermeddling sex !
Cannot a man transact his private bus'ness,
But that pragmatic woman too must know it ?
Wou'd Heav'n had sent mankind into the world
Some other way than by the aid of woman ;
No matter how : ev'n sprung he, like Orion,
From th' impregnate hide of beeve in earth sepul-
chred,
'Twere better than from her detested womb.
The cup, the rich meath of my hopes, she's dash'd
With bitter aconite : — yet will I quaff't,
And, like the Pontic King, digest my poison,
Till lost despair present the fatal draught.
My fears are wak'd ; I must be circumspect,
To crush, within the bud, appearances

Like

72 THE DUKE OF ROTHSAÏ.

Like this: a fall when nigh the ladder-top,
Proves most pernicious to th' unwary scaler.
Thus I'm appriz'd; begone my fears: who come
Across my purpose, tempt their destiny. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Enter JAILOR and ANNA.

JA. Begone, I say; I'll hear no more; away.

AN. Oh will you still persist in hard denial
Of this one single favour to thy wife,
'This only one I ever ask'd of thee!

JA. And this the only one I wou'd deny.
What, woman, wou'd you have me quite distracted,
To risk my life? It shows you have no love,
Nor great concern, about your husband's welfare.
You'd fain, I find, be rid of me.

AN. Be far
Such impious thoughts from me. Heav'n knows I
wish,

Regard, and tender much your preservation.
But cou'd you not, without such mortal hazard
As this you say, allow a private visit?
Such charitable breach as this, I'm sure,
Thou'lt made before.

JA. And that's no reason why
I shou'd do always so. Two blacks make not
A white: once grant an inch, you'd take a span.

AN. Alas! you know her not; else you wou'd pity,
Compassionate, this poor unhappy Lady.
Know, she is Rothsay's bride; his wedded wife;

The

The dear-lov'd daughter of Sir John the Grame:
His child whom I in infancy attended;
Whom you beheld, upon our wedding-day,
Give me a golden compliment of value;
Who hung upon me with endearing arms,
In melting tears, as loathing separation:
'Tis she who thus implores thy friendly service;
She was our friend, and gratitude is due.

JA. All matters not; that time is past, and I
Must mind the present. Cease your preachments, do.

AN. Alas! what can I further do? Lo here
She comes herself; may Heav'n dispose his mind!

Enter EUPHANIA.

EU. Oh Anna! thou hast tarried long.— What
hopes? —

AN. Alas, in vain, in vain I urg'd your suit!
By no intreaty can I win his yielding.

EU. Perhaps he'll hear myself.

JA. That is perhaps. *[Aside.*

EU. It will be bootless, with affliction's voice,
T'attempt to soften his relentless heart,
And win concession from his obstinance.
I'll then essay a more expedient mean,
That haply may have greater prevalence.
He is, I trust, no enemy to this. *[Takes out a purse.*
This gold may win the mercenary wretch
To grant me what his charity denies.
Good Sir, forgive me. — Shortest time allow —

[Gives the purse.]
'Tis but an earnest of my future bounty.

JA. By Mammon, she's no hunk. — Faith, gentle
Lady —

K Believe

Believe, I thought not as I spoke at first:
My wife sued very feelingly to me
In your behalf; and were it not that she
Had been a servant in your father's house,
I wou'd not now have granted your request.

EU. I am the more indebted to your kindness.
If now it suits, I fain we wou'd repair.

JA. Go thou with Anna to next room, and wait,
Till I go see there be no spying persons.

I must take care she bring no vivers with her. [*Aside.*

AN. Make haste.

JA. I shall not stay. [*Exit.*

AN. This way with me.

EU. Eternal Providence! I save my Rothsay.
[*Excunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The Jail.*

Discovers ROTHSAÏ, pale, and in chains.

Ro. To what intent this worse alternative!
This ignominy! these inglorious chains!
That weigh this fainting body to the earth?
Had'st thou, relentless Albany, instead,
To've rid me from this sensitive of pain,
Sent instant death, then thou wert truly kind;
But, cruel man, why do'st thou thus delight
To hold me ling'ring in this painful state,
When thou, by sending death, obtain'st thy wish?
O that this mortal frame wou'd break, that thence
The shackled spirit freely might depart,
And wing its airy flight to those blest regions,

Where

Where, free from pain, th' immortal souls reside!
 Or, that th' Omnipotent had not ordain'd,
 Against self-murder, his preventive statute!
 Else shou'd this arm, by one immediate act,
 Give liberal passage to this wounded spirit,
 That longs to quit this brittle habitation,
 And seek the mansions of eternity.
 All-seeing Heav'n! who sent thy angel down
 To tend the prophet in the wilderness,
 Who fainting sat beneath the juniper,
 Requesting death, when Ahab's queen he 'scap'd,
 He found the cruse, he found the succ'ring cake,
 And with recruited strength to Horeb fled,
 Fled to thee, his most assured refuge;
 Behold me now, behold my resignation;
 This clinging body, these afflictive chains,
 With patience bearing till my happier change.

Enter EUPHAMIA.

Eu. This way, complaining loud, I hear his voice.

[Within.]

My Lord! my husband! have I found thee now?
 Alas! what's this come o'er thee? Ha! thou'rt cold,
 My love! — In chains! — Such place! — O Heav'n's,
 what's this!

[Faints.]

Ro. She faints! Support her, gracious Heav'n!
 support

Her under this o'erwhelming agony;
 Assuage th' affliction of her wounded spirit,
 That sinks beneath the burden of my misery.
 Ah me! I cannot help her. Soft my heart,
 Nor break with th' anguish of this bursting sorrow.

[Weeps.]

Eu. Where am I? where my Rothsay?

Ro. Here, my life!
Within his clasping arms, a feeble stay,
Thou stand'st. How fare you now? how fares my
love?

Eu. I'm greatly better. How art thou, my Lord?

Ro. Quite well, my dear, to see thee thus re-
cover'd.

Eu. I am not subject to such fits as this.
I felt a quick delinquency of spirit,
Which threw me in a state insensible;
Insensible to all thy suff'ring miseries:
Sad miseries, alas! I cannot now
Soothe with relief; wo's me, my Rothsay, what,
What will come of you, for I cannot help thee?

[Weeps.]
Ro. O Heav'ns! and have I liv'd to see this hour?
Wou'd I had died ere I beheld this sight!
To see her thus empain'd, I cannot bear it.
The cruel shafts of destiny assail me,
And wound me doubly; wound me even to death;
To double death, and to redoubled anguish.

[Weeps.]
Eu. Alas, alas, my Lord, and must I lose thee?
Be soon of thee forlorn? Wretch that I am!
Alas! thou'rt faint for hard necessity;
Cold and feeble as th' imploring anchoress,
Who in his bleak cell dies for lack of alms.
I thought, my love, to've sav'd thy famish'd life;
Prolong'd it, till some happier hour arriv'd,
That shou'd behold thee rescu'd by thy friends;
But O th' accursed jailor! that rude villain!
Though I rewarded him with ample bounty,

To

This

This shall, a guardian minister empower'd,
 With vigilance and tutelary wings
 Still hover o'er thee, when asleep or wake;
 Shall dry the fountain of thy sorrow tears;
 Shall change th' affliction of thy widowhood
 To blank oblivion of my earthly suffrance;
 With beatific notion charm thy soul,
 That all, on wings of ecstasy, ascend
 Unto the blissful mansions of the happy:
 Pure as the spirit of the holy nun,
 That from the tear-worn shrine prefers her orisons,
 Forgetful of this tumult'ary world,
 Shall prompt thy golden dreams with glorious visions
 Of star-crown'd seraphs, and rose-blooming cherubs,
 That tune their heav'nly harps to blessed strains
 Of ravishment, and sing the eternal song;
 The song that harmoniz'd the birth of nature;
 The song that hail'd Messiah from this world;
 Th' eternal song that lauds th' almighty Parent.

EU. My Lord, your Heav'n-inspired words have lift
 Above this vale of sorrow my glad soul,
 And spread a quiet serenity within me:
 Yet, good my Lord, there's hope while still you live.
 Oh be not thus regardless of this life!
 Heav'n grant you yet to share its longer date!
 Heav'n gives us means, and them we ought to use:
 I may relieve you; yes, I will relieve:
 I'll fly this instant; tell the world your case:
 The world already hears it, and won't suffer
 Thy fate to be accomplish'd. Patience, love —
 I here but tarry and prolong your pain. [Exit.

Ro. Good angels guard her, and preserve her life;
 Defend

Defend her, Heav'n, and lead her on in safety. —
 Alas ! frail nature now sinks to the earth:
 O'erweigh'd by this encumb'ring load of chains,
 I can no longer stand. — Oh ! I am weary.

[Lies down.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter ALBANY and FORESTER.

ALB. What ! can I trust the truth of this sedition ?
 Is Borthwick gone ?

FOR. He's gone ; and with him Crichton ;
 Beside three hundred men and odds, that were
 With him on guard.

ALB. Perdition catch the traitor !
 He ever was too punctual in his duty,
 And held my reprehension at defiance.
 Such folks that know their own integrity,
 Are ever testy, prone to take affronts.

'Tis true I kill'd his daughter : What of that ?
 She was a thorn offensive in my way ;
 Which, if permitted to have stood ungrubb'd,
 Might choak beneath its shade my springing hopes.
 'Tis said that Crichton woo'd her. Blast him too !
 Here, mark me, Forester. Betake thee hence,
 With cavalry six hundred, in pursuit.
 These in two squadrons of three hundred each,
 You must divide ; the one to speed before,

By

By secret way, to stop their hasty flight;
 The other to ride on aloof behind:
 And when you've got them hemm'd betwixt your
 troops,

Dispatch a pursuivant at arms, to tell,
 That pardon and indemnity await
 Their quick return unto their former duty.

If, obstinate, they will not hear these terms,
 At once an onset make in front and rear,
 And give no quarter to the worsted caitiffs.

Bring, for a trophy of your conquest, home,
 Stuck on your spear, the heads of both the traitors.

FOR. An't like your highness, they, before this
 time,

By speedy march, have gain'd some distance hence,
 And have no doubt increas'd in numbers more.
 Some foot to speed behind won'd stand in stead,
 If chance we shou'd engage.

ALB. The greater need
 Requires your quick dispatch. What! dally now!
 They may increase if here you stay. Dispatch.
 [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. *The Country.*

BORTHWICK and EUPHAMIA.

EU. Thus prostrate at thy knees I seek thy aid,
 Thy quick deliv'rance, to my dying lord,
 Thy prince, my husband! Borthwick, save his life!
 His wretched wife implores thy friendly help.

BO. Arise, fair Princess: thee it suits not thus,
 Thus

'Thus humble to implore my willing aid.
Command my utmost power, I do obey.

EV. Oh if you knew how Rothsay is bestead!
'Twould melt a heart of rock to see his state,
To see him famishing in galling irons,
Weigh'd down to earth with their afflictive load;
Lock'd like a felon in the common jail,
Necessitous and faint. — Ah wretched me! —
And must I lose him; be bereft my lord? *[Weeps.]*

Bo. Comfort, sweet princess; I expect anon
To have it in my power to save his life,
And bless thee with thy Rothsay's liberty.
I wait th' arrival from Lindores of troops
To join me here, to crush th' usurping Duke,
That fatal serpent which has caus'd our wo.

Enter CRICHTON.

Here timely met according to my wish.
What numbers have you rais'd, my Crichton, say?

CRI. I muster'd up six thousand good; all men
Of valour prov'd, that know to bend the bow,
And aim th' unerring shaft, or lanch the spear
Aloof; or, nearer, ply the trenchant sword.
All arm'd, and prompt, on yonder croft they stand.
Now for revenge! my bosom scarce can hold
The swelling of my heart, that fain wou'd burst
With vengeful fury on th' accursed Albany;
Who crush'd beneath his unrelenting arm
The pleading innocence of her I lov'd.
Ha! what is she, that daughter of affliction?

[Points to Euphamia weeping.]
Is she bereft her sweet-heart? — Lo, she weeps!
My heart is touch'd with pity for the damsel.

L

Methinks,

Methinks, had destiny o'erta'en me first,
Thy tender daughter so for me wou'd weep. [*Weeps.*]

Bo. O rip not up my wounds afresh! Her life
We can't recall. Alone this lady's wrongs,
Ev'n though our mutual injuries were none,
Were now sufficient to arouse our vengeance.
Lo here th'unhappy wife of princely Rothsay,
Who, in strict durance, pines a famish'd pris'ner.

CRI. Oh th'unhuman!—Trust us, royal Princess,
He shall not long abide in that condition:
We'll soon relieve, and bless your lord with freedom.
Be patient; and await us at the town,
Till victory proclaims our coming aid.

Eu. O may the Great Jehovah with your host
Go forth, and make you conquerors this day!
And may your enemies before you fly,
As hunted roes upon the mountain-tops,
And find no refuge, save in wild despair,
That lanches from the precipice of fate!
May ye thus prosper, while my drooping lord
I comfort with the tidings of relief. [*Exit.*]

Bo. Let us, my Crichton, with our troops advance
Toward the town of Faulkland, ere the Duke
Improves the time to be for us prepar'd.

CRI. The motion's right.—Who's this comes here
in haste?

Bo. One by appearance who is not our foe.

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. From Lesly hither am I sent in haste,
T'inform you, Borthwick, of Prince James' arrival.
He and Lord Sinclair have escap'd from England:
They are inform'd of all that's lately happen'd.

And

And come to join you with the men of Lesly.

Bo. I joy to hear't : Repair to yonder troops.

[Exit Messen.]

Let us begone too, Crichton, and abridge
Time-murdering delay.

CRI. I do not lag.

Ho, stop! Lo yonder, see across the road,
Upon the eminence, that numerous squadron
Of warlike horse, all marshall'd for the fight.

Bo. They don't intend ; they are but scant in number.

Let me espy.——'Tis Forester commands :

[Looks through a spy-glass.]

He makes the motion for their quick retreat.

Lo now they wheel, and make away.

CRI. To chace

Them let's begone.—They fight with double valour,
Whose just revenge stern cruelty provokes. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

Lord SINCLAIR and Prince JAMES.

PR. What think you, Sinclair, of my uncle Robert ?

Wou'd you have thought such cruelty cou'd dwell
Within his breast ?

SIN. I marvel not at all.

He ever was ambitious, over-ruling,
Stern, cruel, haughty as proud Lucifer ;
Still verging on extremes. The high in pow'r,
The titled nobles of the realm, he held

At scornful distance, while the vulgar throng
He wou'd carefs ; no doubt for private ends,
To stand in stead in such a perilous time.

PR. The cred'lous vulgar change with ev'ry gale
Of seeming favour from the high in power,
And sway with that where flatt'ry most prevails.

SIN. He has been very arch, and quick withal.
Strange revolutions he has wrought of late.
He form'd the scheme for our captivity ;
Now stops all access to thy royal father ;
Immures him close within his palace-walls,
Where solitary, whelm'd in grief, he pines,
Like to a new-caught bird bereft its young ;
Confines and starves thy brother in a jail ;
He murder'd that fair damsel, Borthwick's daughter ;
Depriv'd young Crichton of his lovely bride.
He stops at nought to work your total ruin,
The downfall of you all, and grasp the crown.

PR. I hope the current of his swift ambition
We'll soon be able to oppose, before
It reach the ocean of his last desire.
Impartial Justice at her bar shall cite him ;
Adjudge the award to his black deserts.
Oh my poor father ! his sad state I grieve ;
My hapless brother's fortune I lament ;
That damsel's fate I also seem to mourn.
Who's this ? My father's faithful Livingston ?

Enter LIVINGSTON.

How fares his Majesty ? say, tell his state.
What makes you thus so sorrowful ? Has speech
No power to utter ? Say my father's well.

LI. If piety, and all the goodlier virtues,
That

That faints on earth inherit, meet with bliss,
Remov'd from this vain world, he's surely well.

PR. Alas, my father! oh my royal father!

[Weeps.

LI. Lo, while he lay upon the bed of wo,
Embath'd in tears for Rothfay's hap and thine,
The double tidings came, like meeting seas,
At once, of his sad state and your escape.
His grief-worn heart, struck with the mutual shock
Of whelming joy and anguish, burst in twain.
His last words these, Be merciful, O Heav'n!
Receive my soul, and pity my poor children.

PRI. O fate! cou'dst thou not stop thy hasty hand;
Not spare his life a little minute longer,
Till he beheld me with his longing eyes,
And in his arms embrac'd a loving son,
To show'r a blessing on my growing years?
Then, soon as he submitted to thy doom,
Resign'd his better part, his soul, to Heav'n,
My filial hand shou'd close his dying eyes,
Compose his limbs within thy clay-cold arms,
And with these dropping tears embalm my fire.

[Weeps.

SIN. Be cheer'd, my royal Prince; these pious
tears

Do nought avail: the dead unconscious sleep
In Death's cold bosom, deaf to Sorrow's plaint,
To wailing kindred's pangful lamentation.
Let us bethink us now to choak that spring,
The bitter source and fountain of these ills;
Left, if permitted thus to flow unstemm'd,
It prove a deluge that will drown us all.

With

With these brave troops let us proceed, and join
 The pow'r of Borthwick, and make head against
 This Erimanthean savage, that lays waste
 Thy country, and devours thy dearer kindred.
 Lo yonder peers, upon the northern height,
 In battailous array, the aidful force
 Of loyal Borthwick : lo their polish'd helms,
 And thick emkattl'd spears, reflect afar,
 Like to our ice-impearled hills in winter,
 The glancing lustre of the god of day.
 They shew the signal for our speedy juncture.

PRI. Let us proceed. — Just Heav'n revenge our
 cause ! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter ALBANY and FORESTER.

ALB. A murrain seize you, pigeon-hearted pol-
 troon !

Why did you not set on ; attack their march ;
 Not ride into their ranks, and crush them down ?

FO. That we intended ; and, with goaring rowels,
 Spurr'd on our foaming steeds, that struck the flinty
 way

With founding heels, and champ'd the ir'ny bit ;
 Their eye-balls red, and widen'd nostrils glowing.
 Lo, when the eastmost height we gain'd, in hopes
 To overtake them on the farther side,
 (For late we view'd them overtop the height),
 To our surprise, upon th' opposing croft,
 We saw, drawn up embattl'd for the fight,

A numerous corps of infantry ; which soon,
 Like as a lonely cloud that flits the sky,
 And mingles with a larger, Borthwick join'd.
 I deem'd most prudent homeward to return,
 Since 'gainst such numbers mine cou'd nought avail.

ALB. This is the effect of tardiness in duty.
 Had'st thou been quick, their juncture were prevented.

Enter MESSENGER.

How now ! thy haste has robb'd thee of thy breath.
 What tidings bring'st thou ?

MES. On the eastern way,
 Advancing to the town, a numerous pow'r
 Are spy'd, by Borthwick headed, and young Crichton.
[Exit.

ALB. Blast them all ! — More tidings of like import.

Enter 2d MESSENGER.

MES. Lo, marching hither from the eastern quarter,

In battle order, peer the the troops of Borthwick,
 Join'd with Prince James and Sinclair, who've escap'd
 Captivity in England. Lo, they come
 With trumpets, drums, and colours wide display'd.

[Exit.

ALB. Contagion taint your uncomfortable tongue !

Enter 3d MESSENGER.

I'll hear no more !

MES. I'm come to tell your Highness —

ALB. Out on you, croaking rook, ill omen'd bird !

[Smites him.

MES. Permit —

ALB.

ALB. Report your tidings to the listless winds.

MES. To inform, his Majesty is dead.

ALB. What! let me hear't again?

MES. The King is dead.

ALB. It glads my soul. — Forgive my hasty hand.
When died his Majesty?

MES. But late; within
The shorter space of half an hour. Upon
His royal couch a lifeless corse he lies. [Exit.

ALB. 'Tis well th' unerring hand of destiny
Is on my side, to buoy up all my hopes,
And adds this plume to imp my soaring wings.
Say, Forester, what may the number count
Of soldiery we have in Faulkland now?

FOR. There are four thousand good of infantry,
Beside two regiments of horse.

ALB. Dispatch:
Quick for the field prepare the marshal'd host;
The standards rear; caparison, to arms. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

*Enter BORTHWICK, CRICHTON, SINCLAIR,
PRINCE JAMES, and LIVINGSTONE.*

BO. Here let us halt, and now dispose our battle.
Lord Sinclair, you, with these the men of Lesly,
The left wing flank; you, Crichton, lead the right;
Myself the battle main shall head: meantime,
It is expedient that the Prince retire
With Livingston to yonder height aloof,
Where he, undanger'd, may behold the conflict.

His

His royal fire is now no more; and, by
Appearance, he's the sole remaining heir.

SIN. You counsel right. Your Highness then re-

With Livingston.

PRIN. I'd rather brave the danger.

CRI. Be counsel'd, Royal Prince; for you I'll fight.
This day I hope to conquer or to die.—

Our arms are double, and our cause more just.

Yon setting sun, whose golden head inclines

To yonder lofty mountain's brow, shall see,

Ere he be pillow'd on th' Atlantic wave,

This steel do right, and victory sit plum'd

Upon our conquering arms. Advance your banners;

Draw your slaying swords; sound trumpets, clarions.

Saint Andrew be the word, and Victory! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Enter ALBANY, FORESTER, and OFFICERS.

ALB. Advance, my soldiers; yonder vaunts the
foe.

Courage, my valiant men; myself shall lead

You on to glorious conquest. Oh, I feel

A mighty spirit animate this frame!

Each little pore, a more than human soul

Informs, that now, methinks, that earth-born giant,

Who rose invigor'd from his mother's breast,

And foil'd Alcides' wrestling might, ere to

His fire, Olympian Jove, he pray'd, were but

A scantling pigmy in these crushing arms.

M

Behold,

Behold, they brave us! Hark! more loud again!!!

[Alarm.]

Shoot, archers; shoot your fate-impinion'd shafts:
Ye gallant swordsmen, ply your trenchant steel:
Brave horsemen, spur your courfers; ride in gore;
Let slaughter, blood-distain'd, rage through the field;
Nor listen to the cry of mercy. On;
Sound, trumpets, sound; ye warlike drums, alarm:
Charge home. Saint Andrew, Albany, and Victory!

[Exeunt.]

(Alarms, Excursions.)

Enter ALBANY.

ALB. Rally, ye cowards, rally; front the foe.
[He drives them back.]
Back, you poltroon; turn. Take you that along.

[Stabs one of the Soldiers, who falls and dies.]

[Exit ALB.]

Enter FORESTER and other OFFICERS.

FOR. We've lost the day: let us consult our safety
In speedy flight. I wish the Duke were with us.

OF. Him I beheld enact most glorious deeds,
Mowing down squadrons with his killing sword.
Were there few hundreds such as he, we were
Not thus enforc'd to fly the conqu'ring foe. [Exeunt.]

(Clasbing of swords without.)

Enter ALBANY and CRICHTON fighting.

ALB. Hold off, rash youth; thou tempt'st thy cer-
tain fate:

Thou know'st not whom thou thus presum'st to brave.

CRICHTON. I know thee well: thou'rt Albany, that fiend;
That fiend incarnate; cruel ev'n to death;
Whom this revengeful arm fought through the field,

To

To make your life-blood thy black guilt atone.

ALB. Boy, thy bold words thy better deeds must
vouch.

To-day a hundred mightier souls than thine
This arm unhous'd, that, fresh from life, still hover
O'er their pale corse: and do'st thou presume
To cope with me in single fight?

CRI. Presume!
And do'st thou think to quell my just revenge
By thy audacious vaunts? : Heav'n steel this arm,
And to thy heart direct the willing blow.

[They fight.]

ALB. Hold! play me fair.

CRI. Such play you gave receive. [Stabs.]

ALB. Curse on thee, stripling: Ha! I've got it
now.

Have at thee for't.

CRI. Then to thy heart this home.
[Kills. Albany falls.]

Enter SINCLAIR.

SIN. Already are our conqu'ring arms victorious.
I gratulate you, Crichton, on your success.

CRI. Lo, there th'unhappy victim of my vengeance,

ALB. Perdition catch thee, bold insulting youth!
Oh how inglorious! thus to fall beneath
A stripling's arm; cut off in prime of manhood;
Depriv'd of life, when on the verge of fortune,
That smil'd propitious on my ripen'd hopes!
Now, Rothsay, you may live. Oh galling thought!
Stupidity! Why did I not at once —
Oh now! where am I hast'ning headlong down?
Despair, where do'st thou overwhelm me; in what gulph?

Into what dark unfathomable void
 Do'st thou thus plunge me from thy precipice?
 Is there no limit for my flutt'ring soul;
 No hospitable bourn to rest upon,
 But thus to fall, like to the damned spirits,
 Outcasts of Heav'n, in bottomless perdition? *[Dies.]*

CRI. Poor wretched shade, adieu!

Enter BORTHWICK.

BOR. My Crichton, hail!
 I joy to see you here alive: I fear'd
 Too far you risk'd your precious life. I saw
 You rush where most the battle rag'd, to slay
 Th' opposing foe.

CRI. I've hit my aimed mark.
 Lo there, among the slain, our former enemy.

[Points to the body.]

BOR. Unhappy man! — How crest-fall'n is thy
 pride!

Thy high ambitious hopes, that soar'd above
 Thy discontented lot, aspire no more.
 Had the fair boons that Nature dower'd thee with,
 Shrewd knowledge, and discretionary wisdom,
 Run in the channel of unsullied virtue,
 Then had'st thou, Albany, been amiable:
 But as thou wast, and art no more, peace to
 Thy timeless shade.

CRI. Now Rothsay asks our rescue,
 Let us make haste unto the starving jail.

BOR. Let us begone. Lord Sinclair, come along!

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE VII. *The Prison.*

ROTHSAY and EUPHAMIA.

Eu. Once more, my love, I strove to bring relief;
Again the jailor's unrelenting hand
Ransack'd, and snatch'd the saving food: but lo,
To cheer thy fainting hopes, I comfort bring,
The gladsome tidings, that relief will soon
Restore you unto liberty and life.
Your steady friends arm to revenge your cause.
Eager and ready for the fight prepar'd,
I saw a numerous army all drawn up,
Headed by Borthwick and the youthful Crichton;
Who, in the extremest anguish of his soul,
For Borthwick's daughter slain, swore deep revenge.

Ro. Oh kill me not at once! — Unhappy fair,
'Twas I the cause! 'twas I that murder'd thee!
That kill'd that soft relenting innocence
In kindest act of saving charity!
Oh were I now no more; or had I not
The pangful sense of this life-gnawing hunger;
That, like a rav'nous cormorant, devours
This falling unsupported body, while
From out the ruddy fountain of my heart,
To glut his fierce importunate desires,
Like as the dying pelican to feed
Her craving young, I pour the stream of life.
Oh come not near me! Let me to the earth:
The leaden hand of death now weighs me down.

[Faints.]

Eu.

Eu. My lord! my love! my life! Support him,
Heav'n!

Help! help! My lord! my husband! Oh!

[Strives to support him. Weeps.]

Enter BORTHWICK, CRICHTON, SINCLAIR,

PRINCE JAMES, and LIVINGSTON.

PRI. My brother!

Oh Rothsay! Oh my brother! Is it thus,

Upon the verge of death, I find thee now?

Is there no help, no life-restoring cordial!

Haste! bid the servant with the succour speed.

[Exit LIVIN.]

Alas, my brother!

[Weeps.]

Ro. Ha, my father's joy!

His consolation! late his sorer wo!

My captive brother, do I thee embrace? —

Indeed — I do. — Methinks I'm stronger grown,

With pow'r recruited, since I thee beheld.

I will go with you now. — Soft, let me down.

Oh suffer me to lean upon the earth.

Eu. Here, on th' afflicted bosom of thy wife,

This wounded breast, whereon thy head repos'd

When love and rapture crown'd our golden nights,

Here lean thee, love.

Ro. Oh let me down; I'm sick.

O ye unkind; my uncle wou'd not do so.

[They attempt to lead him out.]

GRI. Your uncle was — the dead I don't revile.

Ro. Ha, dead!

CRI. On earth no more he lives. This arm

Dismiss'd his spirit to the courts below.

I thought it was a charity to send

Him

Him there.

Ro. Unhappy shade! I do forgive thee.

[Enter a servant with a vial, and gives it to Prince James. Enter Livingstone some time after.]

Pr. Haste! What detain'd you thus so long?—

Here, brother,

Here; take this living comfort to thy heart;

Ro. I cannot; 'tis as wormwood to me now.

[Puts it away.]

Oh hast thou, brother, with thy glad'ning presence,
Rejoic'd our drooping father, that bemoan'd,
In whelming grief, thy sad captivity?

Pr. Oh take you this, and I will tell you all.

Ro. Our grieving father hast thou, brother, seen?

[Puts it away.]

Pr. Alas! no more our royal father grieves:
Oh he's remov'd above this vale of sorrow,
And joins th' assembly of the blest in Heav'n.

Ro. Oh let me down. — My dear, don't wound me
thus:

Be cheer'd, my love; let not affliction's pangs
Thus wring your tenderness. — Oh pitying Heav'n,

[Falls down.]

Protect my angel! 'swage her whelmed spirits:
Be thou the comforter and guardian stay
Of her sad widowhood; for soon—I'll—oh!—

[Dies.]

Ev. Alas, my lord, my husband's gone! Oh
speak,

Speak to me, Rothsay! Oh will you not speak
To me? Alas, my bleeding heart, when will

You

You burst? My Rothsay! Oh my dear, dear lord!

[Throws herself on his body.]

Enter the OLD MAN dragging his chains.

OLD. This way her well-known voice I heard, the

voice

Of lamentation. Oh! and is it thus

I find the daughter of my dear-lov'd friend? *[Weeps.]*

EU. Whist! go, go, go, go, go; my Rothsay sleeps.

[Raves.]

Go, go, I say; ye shan't disturb my love.

I'll watch and guard thee; curtain thee around

With silken tire, dipp'd in the rainbow's hue:

Our wedding sheets, made of th' ethereal lawn

That skirts the fleecy skies, I'll spread, and raise

Thy sweet-reposing head upon a pillow

Made of the silver cygnet's softest down.

Sleep on, my love; and may thy golden dreams

Be such as charm the fancy of the blest.

Sleep on; thy uncle shall not now disturb thee.

OLD. Oh, don't you know me? Will you break
my heart? *[Weeps.]*

EU. Ha! poor, poor, poor; thou'rt the knight of
the cross

That rode on the wind, to seek the fair dame

Rosinell, who fled to young Florimond

In Fairy-land; but nought you found there

But despair. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

OLD. Kind Heav'n restore her to her perfect mind!

EU. See, see, see, see! from yonder snowy cloud

My Rothsay beckons me. I come! I come!

Waft me, ye tending seraphs, on your heav'nly wings!

Bear me to him! Now, now, I mount, I fly!

Now,

Now, now, we join, and never more shall sunder!
Blest ecstasy! — my joy! my Rothsay! — oh! —

[Dies.]

OLD. Oh, have I liv'd to see this woful sight!
The daughter of my dear-lov'd friend thus die!
Alas! the tale will break his tender heart,
And bow his hoary head with sorrow to the grave.
His anguish do I feel—These are the locks
Shall strew her corpse, and not her father's hairs.

[Tears his hair, and throws himself on the body.]

Bo. In thee, now Prince, remain our only hopes:
Thou art the heir, and shalt succeed in right
To Scotland's crown.

Pr. Let fun'ral rites, such as
Become their royal dignity, adorn
Their sacred relics: let them be inhum'd
In one kind tomb. Our father too demands
Like duty. Borthwick, see all done; for I,
His woful heir, shall ever reign in sorrow.

[Exit with Lord Sinclair weeping.]

Bo. Hence let the world, from this sad story, know
What innocence, from dire ambition, suffer'd;
Sparing no tears, with feeling hearts, for this:
How that a while may soar on prosp'rous wings,
Approach the summit of its highest wish;
But like the fabled youth, who wing'd his airy course
Too near the sun, it from its giddy height
Falls headlong down, and meets the surer ruin.

[Exeunt.]

T H E E N D.